The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

DECEMBER 1952

Ambassadress of Peace, 1716 — Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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At Charles Fort in 1670, "being Christmas day wee made merry remembering our Friends in England . . ."

The Christmas Holyday

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

Down the centuries, Christmas has been celebrated in various ways at the lonely posts in the wilderness.

FROM the earliest records of the Company in what is now Canada come accounts of how Hudson's Bay men, in as fitting a manner as circumstances permitted, celebrated the birth of Jesus. Christmas Day was a feast day, a day when brotherhood reigned, a holiday from work. In many years it was the only day of peace and goodwill in the time of fur trade troubles, but even in the worst years there was always this bright spot to be anticipated and afterwards remembered with pleasure by men and women whose Christmas traditions were those of older lands.

The first account is from the Thomas Gorst journal (printed in Grace Lee Nute's *Caesars of the Wilderness*). It is Christmas of 1670, and the crews of the *Prince Rupert* and *Wivenhoe* are wintering in the snowy woods at Charles Fort on James's Bay. Governor Charles Bayly presides, and at the table there would be the Sieur des Groseilliers, Pierre Esprit Radisson, Capt. Gillam, and many others. Would that Scrivener Gorst had enlarged on the scene, though perhaps he did enter in his journal what was most important to him. Here is his entry:

"25 being Christmas day wee made merry remembering our Friends in England, having for Liquor Brandy & strong beer & for Food plenty of Partridges & Venson besides what ye shipps provisions afforded."

Another journal writer has left us a record of Christmas in 1715 at York Fort, Manitoba's oldest point of settlement: "Had prayers twice today as usual, and the man did have very plentiful good victuals." And the journal of Manitoba's second settlement, Prince of Wales's Fort, holds this entry for December 25, 1731: "This being the anniversarie of our Saviour wee solemnized it *as usual* in this countrie."

Here are some other Christmas entries of early date:

1764: "Spent the day with sobriety making merry with innocent diversions . . . Mr. LaTower gave us his company to prayers but we make a poor hand of it for want of prayer books."

Simpson on Lake Athabasca in 1820. "Within 4 feet of a large fire the Ink actually freezes in my pen."

1772: "Performed divine service for the day. Read a sermon out of Tillotson proper for the occasion and the people behave excessively well."

1789: Manchester House: "This being Christmas Morning our small stock of flour afforded us a cake [bread] to eat, with a little Tea & Chocolate . . . no one can know what it is to want bread, but those who experience it, (which we here, daily do, in this Wild Country particular Holidays only excepted)."

1790. Red Lake Journal: "Self and men had dinner with Mr. Cameron (N. West Co.) and in the evening his men danced and sung as on any other day, as one of them plays the fiddle."

The lowest ebb of the festal season came in a journal entry for Christmas, 1800: "A porr Christmas Day at Osnaburg. Very little victuals to eat and nothing to drink but water."

Readers of H B Record Society books will recall Christmas Day, 1820, in Simpson's *Athabasca Journal*, written in dangerous isolation at Fort Wedderburn on the south-western shore of Lake Athabasca, where "within 4 feet of a large fire the Ink actually freezes in my pen": "25th, Monday. This being Xmas day the people had a dram in the morning and were allowed to make holyday. The Gentlemen sat down to the most sumptuous Dinner that Fort Wedderburn could afford, true English fare, Roast Beef & plum pudding and afterwards a temperate Kettle of Punch . . .The weather bitterly cold."

These journal entries throw an intriguing light on the early Yuletide celebrations across the North, from Rupert's River to Lake Athabasca. But it was at Red River that the spirit of Christmas really came into its own. There, at the first farming settlement in western Canada, the festivities were lightened by the feminine touch, and by the gaiety of children, as whole families joined together to celebrate the birth of the Child.

From the time John Wills built Fort Gibraltar about 1809, the feast of Christmas has been held annually at the Forks of the Red and Assiniboine. Here at first were houses for forty men and servants, meat and ice-houses, all within a high stockade. In the main house Mrs. Wills, the former Josephte Grant, a sister of Cuthbert Grant who later became Warden of the Plains, presided graciously over an Old Country Christmas, celebrated with feasting, fiddle and song.

Within five years there was strife at the Forks and someone wrote: "Peace all over the world except at Red River." Lord Selkirk's first party for the Red River Settlement endured their initial Christmas season on the bleak shores of Hudson Bay where brotherly love was temporarily abandoned by fur traders not yet educated to the idea of settlement. Two days after Christmas, 1812, Fort Daer, on the south side of the Pembina river, was ready for the settlers' first governor, Miles Macdonell, to move in. Moreover they had had a fair celebration on December 25 when Macdonell recorded: "Play at Hurl on the ice with the people of the 3 forts. We all dine at Mr. Hillier's. Dance to the Bag Pipe in the evening."

The game of hurling, which is still in vogue in parts of Ireland, is played between goals on the ice by teams using

"Every day thin black lines out on the frozen prairies resolved themselves into loaded dog-trains as they drew nearer."

sticks and a ball. These games between men of the fur companies and Lord Selkirk's original settlers were the first attempt at hockey in this country. By New Year's Day Macdonell observed that everyone appeared to be in bad humour, and before another year actual war between fur trade and settlement was well under way.

Soon a momentous Christmas came to Red River, one about which nothing has been written down. It was probably in December, 1820. Governor Semple had walked despairingly over the charred remnants of the colony in 1815, lamenting that nowhere among the remains did he find that of a church as evidence of Christianity in the new country. Now the re-established colony had two missions under Rev. Father Provencher and Rev. John West. On this momentous Christmas of 1820 the bells rang out on either side of the Red River their age-old message of peace and good will. There is something very appealing still in the thought of the bells of Red River joining in the world's chorus of rejoicing in the birth of a Saviour.

But we have a description of Christmas, 1821, from the hand of John West himself. His schoolmaster and some Indian pupils were now living in Fort Gibraltar while he himself made his headquarters at Lord Selkirk's farm. The Anglican church was not yet completed and he conducted services in Fort Douglas. There was extreme privation at Red River and each person in the settlement was rationed to a pint of wheat a day which they boiled into a thin soup. Yet Mr. West rejoiced: "The Indian boys repeated some hymns and joined in singing Hallelujah to Emmanuel."

The rest from strife after the fur companies amalgamated in 1821 slowly brought about more civilized living at Red River. The Christmases between 1830 and 1850 grew increasingly hearty and delightful. Many of the Scottish settlers had grown rich enough to live in rustic plenty. The retired Company factors who settled at St. Andrew's, Little Britain, and Old England were men of substance with savings and pensions. With the retired servants who lived at Middlechurch, the population at Red River grew to 5,000 people.

The holiday season now reigned from a week before Christmas to a week after New Year's Day. Something of the picture is conveyed in the letters James Hargrave received from his Fort Garry friends in the early thirties, when Governor and Mrs. Simpson were in residence there: "The season of feasting is now fast approaching." "The governor has given two or three grand let outs at which the Blues and the clergy were conspicuous." "I wish we had you here during these festivals. I think we would line your ribs with good fat beef for three half-pence a pound."

"So the gay time has not yet commenced and in the interim we are all gaping for the arrival of some half dozen great wigs who are expected to pass their holydays with his

excellency, which together with the fascinating accomplishments of Mrs. Simpson will give the place an air of high life and gaiety. We have already no few attractions, the painted house of state, the pianoforte and the new fashioned government cariole. . . . I need not tell you peace and plenty reigns."

Fifteen hundred miles from the nearest city in the east, 600 miles from any other outlet to the rest of the world, Red River at this season was a magnet that drew all within reach of its hospitable borders. Every day thin black lines out on the frozen prairies resolved themselves into loaded dog-trains as they drew nearer, and for a full week before Christmas the trading store at Fort Garry was crowded to capacity. It was of great consequence to the dandies of the settlement that at least one of these loaded sledges should bring in the carcass of a bear to insure the last touch of elegance to holiday attire—that of shining, well-greased hair.

Every night the windows of the whitewashed houses shone out and sleigh bells rang crisply in the frosty air. Rich and poor alike had their gatherings, and around blazing fires many a story was told of travel, adventure and danger. There was much tea-drinking and merry-making, and the fiddles scraped on to meet the late dawn.

Christmas Eve ushered in the fort celebrations. Irrespective of creed, all attended midnight mass at St. Boniface Cathedral with the rest of the community. Next morning the compliments of the season were exchanged while savory smells seeped from bubbling and sizzling kitchens in preparation for the big event of the day, the men's dinner.

The fort interior was primitive, most of the furnishings made by the resident workmen. In a country where nothing met the eye but flat green plains in summer and flat white wastes in winter, much crude color was used in interiors. The long mess-room had a huge fireplace at one end to provide a blaze which at least on this one day of the year lighted the farthest cranny of the room. The walls were painted for three feet upward in bright blue. This gave way to a brilliant band of flashing red, above which an expanse of clear yellow was topped by the strong orange ceiling.

Here many a sumptuous dinner was served in a holiday spirit. Great smoking roasts of beef from the fort's herd graced one end of the long table. There would be vast platters of fish browned in buffalo marrow; others of fine prairie game. Prized delicacies of the season were boiled buffalo hump, dried moose nose, smoked buffalo tongue and beaver tail. The most highy esteemed item on the menu was an unborn buffalo calf boiled whole.

Undoubtedly the climax of the Christmas feast was the pudding. An epic might be made of the fur trade plum pudding. How throughout long years in strange and lonely places in an alien land, men of the fur trade maintained the festive spirit at this one time of year, and the pudding became a symbol. How the pudding was achieved in the face of inconceivable difficulties and how it put strength into men.

Currants and raisins specially ordered from England the previous year were carefully hoarded on arrival with the spring shipment. Breadcrumbs might have to be omitted, and eggs, milk, and spices—ingredients considered essential—while pudding cloths of doubtful inheritance were sometimes pressed into service for the steaming. Sometimes the number of raisins and currants per guest had to be reckoned, or dried saskatoon berries used in their place. Amazing concoctions were stirred and wishes made, sometimes with wondering Indians as spectators of the traditional rites, but the ultimate result was always pronounced a masterpiece.

The height of quality and skill in the making of a fur trade Christmas pudding might be presumed to have been reached at the end of the Red River days in the kitchen of Governor Mactavish, where an English chef presided. But the governor's puddings were plain. I know them well. An old lady, who as a girl helped the chef in the Mactavish kitchen, learned there to make them and for years she made me two of the governor's puddings every Christmas. They were fine puddings, of good flavour and substantial worth; but also they reminded one forcibly of how little was obtainable at Red River as recently as 84 years ago.

Obviously it required only a very plain pudding to achieve the festive spirit in Red River. When the last fragment was eaten, whether at Fort Garry or at any other post, there came a hush, a sacred moment. Young R. M. Ballantyne pictures the scene as he knew it in the forties: "Hilarious mirth was succeeded by a grave silence. In the midst of our fun Mr. Grave proposed a toast. Each filled a bumper and solemnity reigned." Outside, the north wind blew over a vast and desolate waste. "He raised his glass and said: 'Let us drink to absent friends.' We each whispered, 'Absent friends!' and set our glasses down in silence while our minds flew back to scenes of former days in a far land across the sea, and we mingled in spirit with our dear, dear friends at home."

The coming in 1862 of Alexander Dallas, governor of Rupert's Land, brought more dignified celebrations. Mrs. Dallas, daughter of British Columbia's first governor, entertained lavishly; she even introduced a Christmas tree which the late Miss Anna Cowan recorded as no easy matter "in a country devoid of toy shops." Miss Cowan tells of the decorations: tinfoil and gilt paper stripped from packages in the Fort store, garlands made from beads and berries, stars and hearts fashioned from yellow soap covered by fancy papers, candles cut down and fitted into holders made by the tinsmith. Every small shop in the settlement as far down river as St. Andrew's was searched for toys. A few dolls and some Noah's Arks at high prices were turned up. But on Christmas Eve that year the children of Red River saw for the first time the glories of a Christmas tree.

Fort Garry had also its Christmas ghost story. One winter, Judge Johnson, recorder of Rupert's Land, lived in the fort guest house where like Scrooge he was the sole occupant of a suite of chambers. The only heat on the upper floor came from a huge Carron stove in the long hall, and on the worst mornings the judge left his frigid room to dress by the hot stove. One early morning of the holiday

week he dashed out as usual, towel in hand, only to recoil in quiet horror from an apparition beside the Carron stove. A very old man leaned over the stove, his face expressionless and of transparent whiteness. He was dressed in a fashion of long ago: the coat of light blue, a collar high over the back of his head, and the silver buttons at the top of his coat-tails came well up between the bent shoulders.

The judge retreated into his own dark room and carefully closed the door. He had often heard weird noises in the empty building at night, and now he had seen a ghost of Christmas past, the ghost of some old chief factor returning to the scene of his youth. With other lads long gone, he had probably known many a jolly Christmas around the old Carron stove. As he got himself dressed, the judge recovered his senses and determined he would face the Thing. Bravely he opened his door and stepped out. There was nothing there; the hall was empty as always.

The story lived on at Fort Garry for years, together with its sequel. For when the judge reached the breakfast table, there sat his ghost. He was a very old and frail chief factor who had arrived late the previous night after the judge had retired, and coming from a remote post where fashion was unknown, he still wore the holiday garb of his youth.

By Christmas, 1869, what was referred to quaintly and with restraint as "The Troubles" had come upon Red River: the resistance of the Métis under Louis Riel to the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada. Long after the transaction was history, events were dated as before or after "The Transfer," and a recitation popular at Christmas concerts lamented, "Oh, for the times that some despise, Before the Transfer made us wise, And politics made us clever."

Two of Riel's prisoners, Canadians taken while guarding Dr. Schultz' store, have left an account of Christmas week in diaries. Thirty-eight men were confined in the smaller half of a combined jail and courthouse twenty feet square, outside the Fort. They were poorly fed until Mr. Crowson, father of the late Mrs. J. H. Ashdown, was allowed to give them food. The diary entries follow:

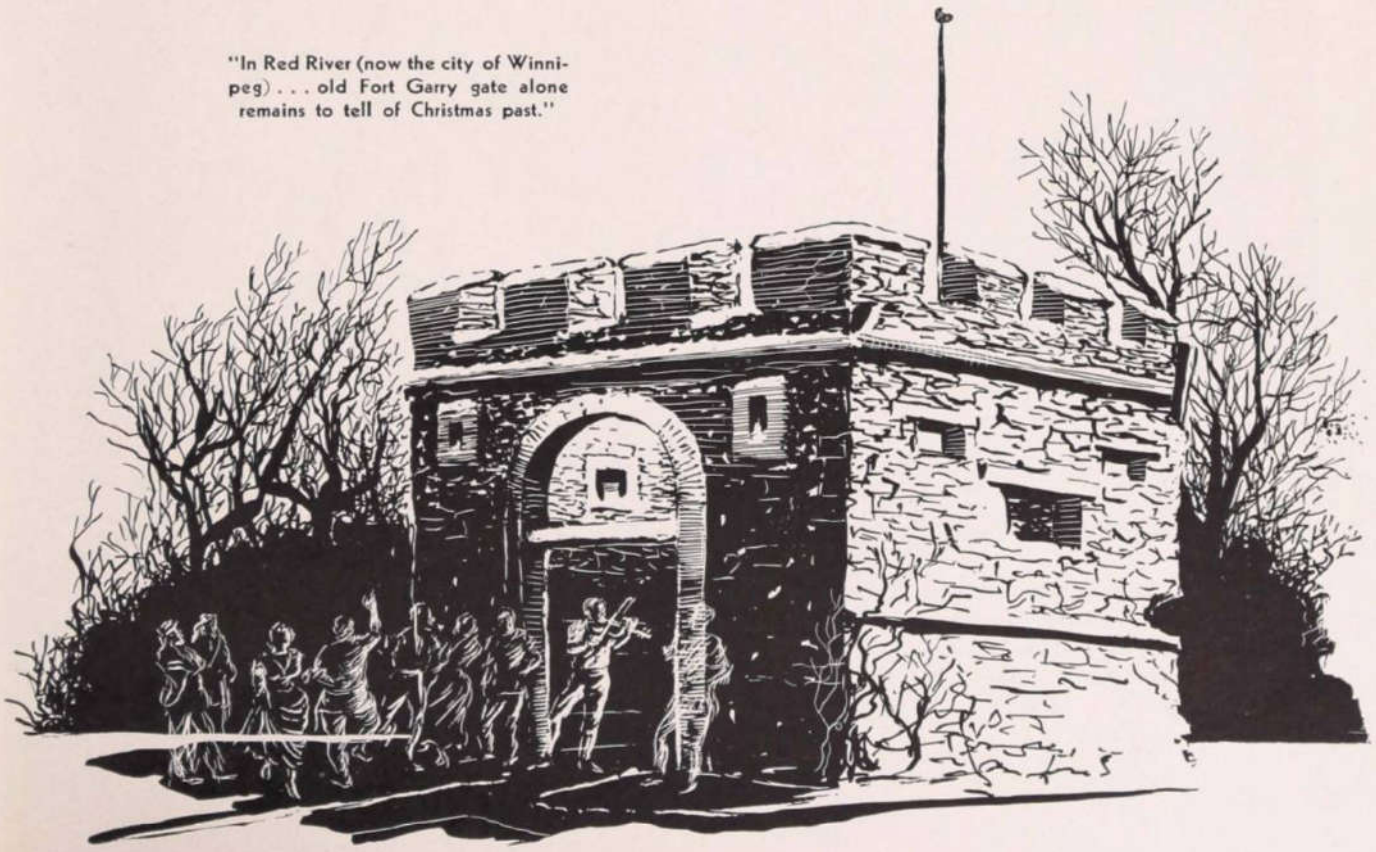
Dec. 24, 1869: The day before Christmas. Hoped to be released today but were disappointed. One of the boys got hold of a violin and tonight there is music and dancing. Some of the guards came in and danced with us.

December 25th: Christmas Day. Very dull until toward evening, when Mr. Crowson brought in roast beef, plum pudding and tarts. We have few friends in town (as all who could do so have moved their families to remoter parts) but what we have are very mindful of us. I believe we are indebted for tonight's dinner to Miss Drever, Mrs. Crowson and Mr. Alex McArthur. Long may they live! Music and dancing tonight.

Peace came again to Red River—and the end of isolation. Many churches now held Christmas services, supplies for the feast were no longer in jeopardy, and a festival spirit reigned.

Christmas in Red River (now the city of Winnipeg) is still apt to be frosty, and old Fort Garry gate alone remains to tell of Christmas past. Standing beside it under the high starlit heavens, if you listen, you might still hear coming through the crisp air above the city's hum, dog-teams and carrioles tinkling in over the snow, the faint skirl of bagpipes, or the sound of gay French fiddles and thudding feet; soaring church music and savages' hymns; and, fainter again, those first fur traders' voices as they "solemnized the anniversarie of our Saviour." ◆

"In Red River (now the city of Winnipeg) . . . old Fort Garry gate alone remains to tell of Christmas past."



As soon as a seal comes within striking distance, the hunter inside the igloo drives his harpoon down through the ice hole and spears it.

Hunters on the Sea Ice

A series of photographs which show how some Central Arctic Eskimos hunt their quarry with primitive and modern weapons.

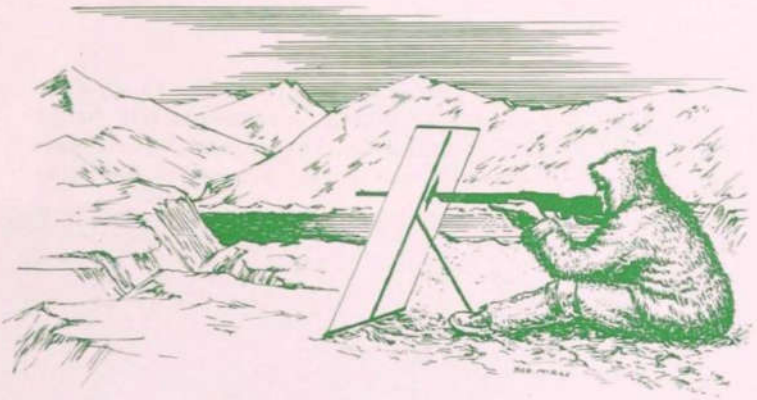
by Richard Harrington

This method of spearing seal inside a small snowhouse is apparently practised only by the Nechilik (Seal) Eskimos of Thom Bay, who live on the east side of Boothia Peninsula, some 1600 miles due north of Duluth. The object of the igloo is two-fold: it protects the hunter from the wintry blasts; and by shutting out the light of the sky it enables him to look right down through the hole he has chopped in the ice, and see the fish and seals swimming about below.

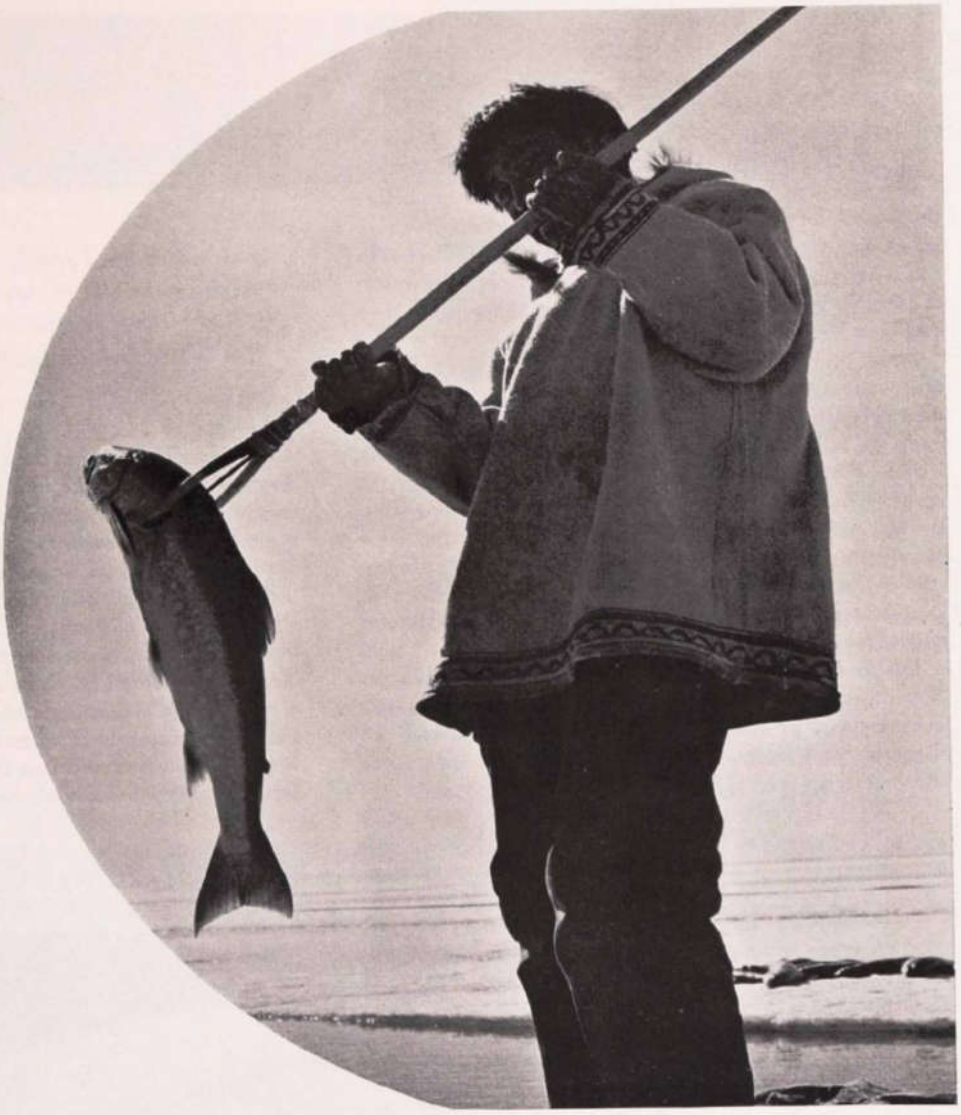
With the sealskin lash of his dog whip he hauls the dead seal out of the little snowhouse. This will mean food, clothing, shelter, warmth, and light, for himself and his family.

Another way of hunting seals, practised widely in the Arctic, is to stalk them from behind a white screen as they lie basking at the floe's edge.

Sometimes the hunter dons a white "seelapak" to make himself even less conspicuous; and sometimes he shoots through the screen instead of over it.



In the spring the Eskimo hunts the Arctic char. Cutting a hole in an ice floe, he lets down a bright object on a piece of cord or sinew and jigs it up and down to lure the fish toward him. Then at the right moment he takes his fish spear, the prongs of which are made of springy caribou horn, and impales the fish between the iron or native-copper barbs.



Rod McRae

TYRRELL

Joseph Burr Tyrrell, distinguished mining engineer, now in his 95th year, knew the West before the railway came, and was the first white man in many parts of the North.

JOSEPH Burr Tyrrell, M.A., LL.D., geologist, mining engineer, explorer, and scholar, now in his 95th year, is one of Canada's most distinguished citizens. He is a link with Confederation days, and his father was a friend and associate of some of the Fathers of Confederation, especially of Sir John A. Macdonald.

He travelled in the mountains and on the prairies before the whistle of the steam locomotive was heard in either place, and he has seen the settlement of the West. His canoe has run the rapids of streams and rippled the waters of lakes in parts of the North where no other white man had been before him.

At all times, and wherever he has gone, his has been the observant eye and the inquiring mind. He has written many reports and pamphlets which, although part of his daily work, display not only the scholar, but a pleasing writer. While he has stuck closely to his own field, his range of interest within that field is wide, extending from the dispersal of glacial ice in Pleistocene times to the dates of arrivals and departures of ships in Hudson Bay. He has edited the journals of other explorers and travellers in western and northern Canada, adding introductions and notes based on his own extensive experience.

Joseph B. Tyrrell was born at Weston, Ontario, on November 1, 1858, a son of William Tyrrell, who emigrated from Ireland in 1836, and soon established himself at Kingston, and later at Weston, as a building contractor and prominent man of affairs.

After graduating from the University of Toronto in 1880, Tyrrell had chosen the law as his profession, but at the end of his first year he was ordered by his doctor to find some out-of-doors occupation, and secured a place with the Geological Survey of Canada, at a salary of $500 a year.

When he joined the service, large areas of Canada were still unexplored, and for that reason much of the Geological Survey's work consisted of reconnaissance surveys. The director was Alfred R. C. Selwyn, who himself conducted a number of important exploratory expeditions. The assistant-director, Dr. George M. Dawson, was also a hard-working explorer, and it was Tyrrell's good fortune that his first years in the field should have been under such tutelage.

An English-Cree trapper, from the sketch by Arthur Heming in J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada."

These two photos were taken by Dr. Tyrrell on his 1893 trip with his brother. Above: Falls on Black River below Black Lake. Left: Pit near Morinville, Alta., where the soil was saturated with oil and tar. This is close to the present great oil well development around Edmonton.

# of CANADA

by D. M. LeBourdais

Photos by J. B. Tyrrell

He began his field work in 1883, as assistant to Dr. Dawson, in his survey of the Rocky Mountains from the international boundary to the Kicking Horse Pass and the Bow River, and the following year he was placed in independent charge of a party which spent three years surveying and exploring the surface and underlying rocks of Alberta, from the Bow River north to the Saskatchewan. His subsequent report and map were the standards of reference for many years. During these three years he explored the coal seams on the banks of the Red Deer River, at and near Drumheller, where large coal mines have since been opened, and not far away he found the first skull of a dinosaur ever found in Canada, which he dug out and took to the Museum in Ottawa.

Later he explored Manitoba from the eastern boundary, westward across Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis, and northward and northwestward, down the Nelson River and up Grass River to Athapapuskow Lake, locating extensive areas of rocks favourable to the occurrence of ore, on which the great Hudson's Bay copper and zinc mine, San Antonio Gold Mine, Nor-Acme Mine, etc., have since been located and developed.

In 1892 he went north from Prince Albert to Isle à la Crosse, on the Churchill River, and thence northward through unknown country, past Cree Lake and down Cree River, with its many little rapids, to Black Lake, where active prospecting for uranium is now in progress. The rest of the summer was spent in exploring Black River, up to Wollaston Lake, which has two nearly equal outlets—one westward to the Mackenzie River and the other to Churchill River and Hudson Bay. From there he explored two new rivers, which he called "Foster" and "Haultain"—one after his friend Sir George Foster and the other after his college mate, Sir Fredrick Haultain—which took him back to Churchill River and Prince Albert.

In 1893, accompanied by his brother, the late James W. Tyrrell (See *Beaver* Sept. 1946), Dr. Tyrrell undertook a hazardous trip through unknown country from Lake Athabasca to Hudson Bay. A considerable part of the area traversed was practically unexplored; and, except for what they were to add, was to remain largely a blank on the map till the coming of the airplane. Since James Tyrrell has given so complete an account of this expedition in his *Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada*, first published in 1897, I shall make no further reference to it here.

While stopping for a few days in Edmonton to get provisions for the above journey, Tyrrell made a short trip to examine an oil seepage reported from near Morinville, about 25 miles north of Edmonton, not far from where oil is now flowing from a number of wells.

Following is an excerpt from his report to the Survey:

"On an almost level plain, declining very gently toward Egg Lake, several pits had been dug from three to four feet deep, and in all 200 yards apart in a north and south line. On the side of the most northern pit, a narrow vertical vein of rather hard pitch, in places about an inch wide, could be seen running through the clay. Another pit, fifty feet south of the last, had been dug to a depth of nine feet six inches, but at the time had six feet of water in it. A large amount of sand saturated with tar was lying beside this pit. We baled the water out of this pit, when the unstratified material with pebbles was found to extend down to a depth of eight feet, and through it were running many veins of hardened pitch. Below this, a coarse, moderately even-grained, and apparently horizontally-bedded sand is reached. This sand is saturated with tar, which came up from underlying rocks."

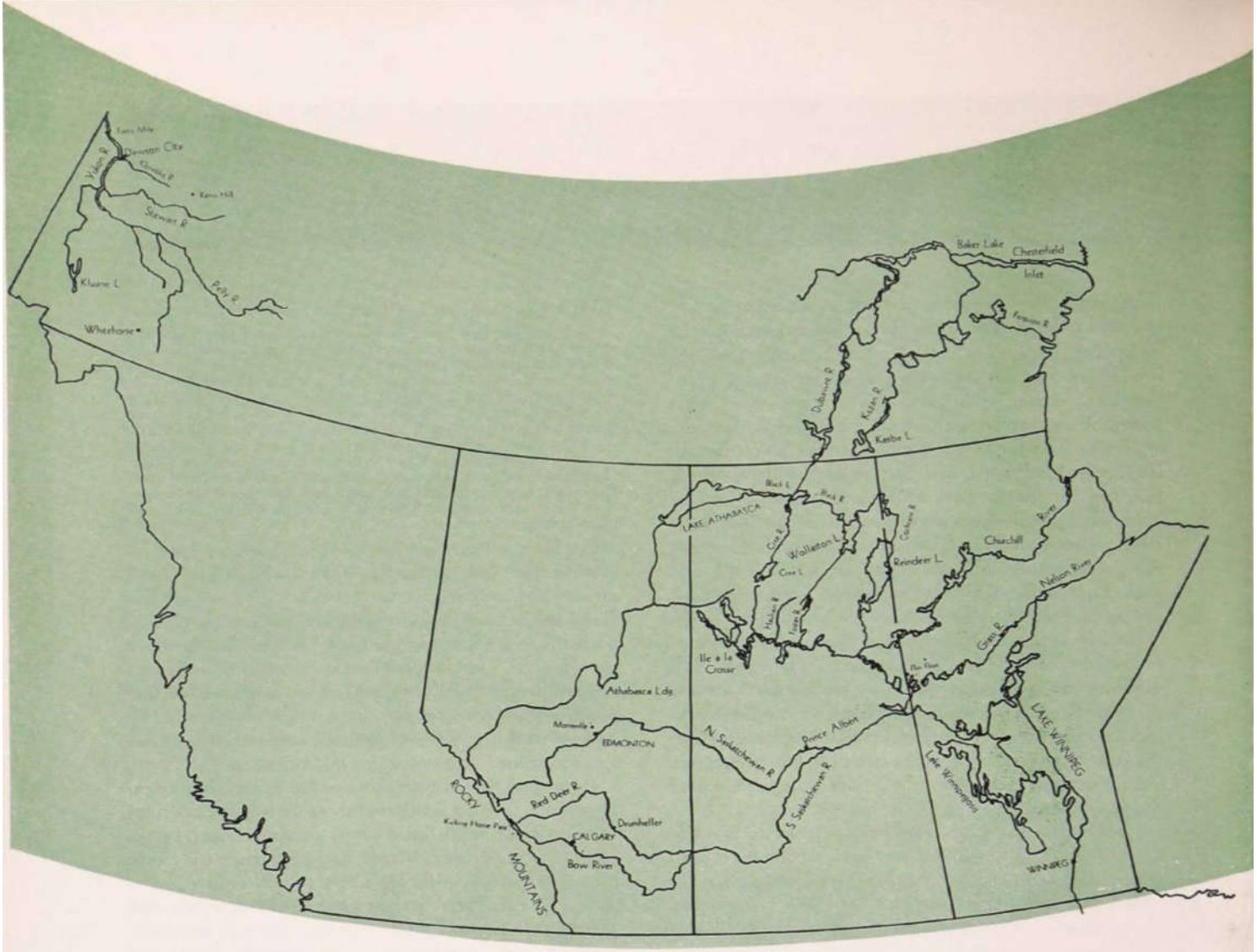
Dr. Selwyn was much interested in Tyrrell's report, for early in the following year he visited the place himself and at once made arrangements for wells to be drilled. Unfortunately, the drilling was at Athabasca Landing, because there the strata were expected to be thinner. One well was put down 1,770 feet without finding oil, another, at Pelican Rapids, drilled to 820 feet, was abandoned when further progress was prevented by a heavy flow of gas, and two more wells in the valley of the Saskatchewan River were also abandoned before reaching oil-bearing beds.

In view of the oil now being found in the region near Edmonton, it seems a pity that those wells were not drilled to a sufficient depth at or near the spot where Tyrrell reported the seepages. If that had been done, the recent history of Canada might have been far different.

In 1894, Dr. Tyrrell was off on another journey through the so-called Barren Lands. This time his route lay northward through Reindeer Lake to Cochrane River, and across the height of land—where 53 portages, averaging a third of a mile each, were made—to Kasba Lake. After surveying the lake, he proceeded down the Kazan River. Like the Dubawnt, paralleling it on the west, the Kazan flows through one irregular lake after another, and eventually discharges into Baker Lake.

Tyrrell surveyed the Kazan system of lakes and connecting streams for 400 miles. Then, in latitude 63° 8′ N., not wishing to re-visit Baker Lake and Chesterfield Inlet (where he had been the previous year) he crossed to the headwaters of a river which the Eskimos told him ran directly into Hudson Bay. The distance was not great, but twelve portages were required before a lake was reached which proved to be the source of the river. Lake and river he named after his assistant on the expedition, Munroe-Ferguson, A.D.C. to the then Governor-General. At the present time the International Nickel Company is energetically exploring for copper and nickel on the shore of this lake, and similar explorations are being carried on in Rankin Inlet, on the west coast of Hudson Bay.

In 1897, news of a fabulous gold strike in the Yukon—the Klondike—was blazoned to the world, and in 1898 the



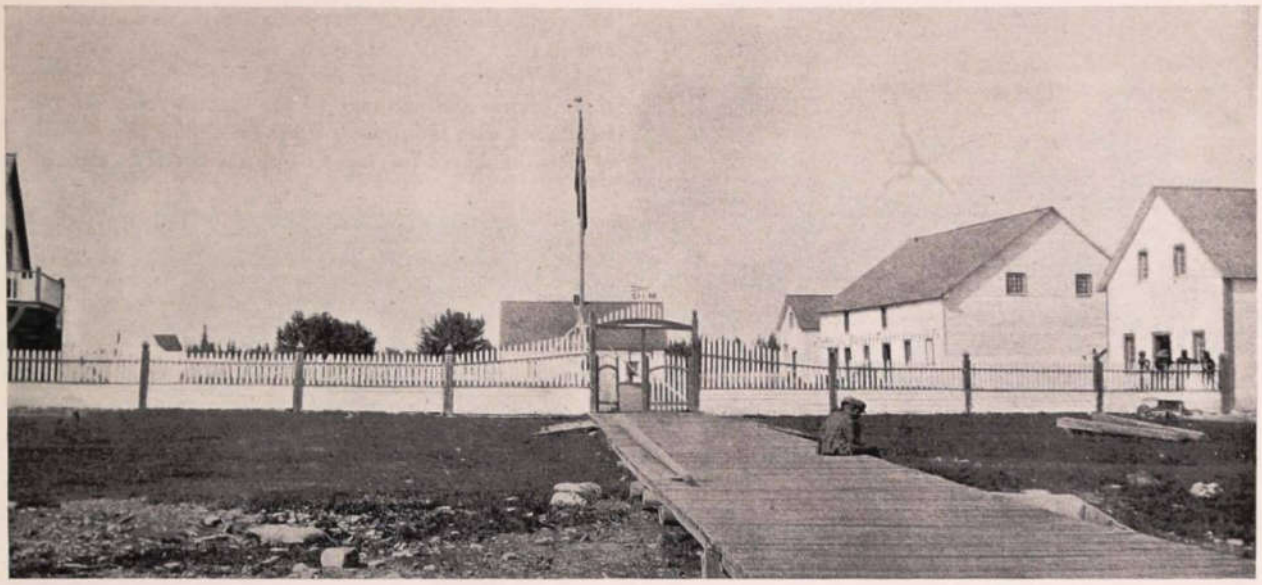
This map of western Canada shows only the location of places mentioned in the article. One showing all the intricate details of Dr. Tyrrell's northern travels, from Newfoundland to the Yukon, would have to be on a very much larger scale.

Geological Survey sent Tyrrell to Dawson City, giving him A. N. C. Treadgold of Oxford as assistant. When he returned to Ottawa in the fall, he and the then Minister of the Interior, Hon. Clifford Sifton, disagreed on a matter of policy, and he resigned from the Survey.

Tyrrell returned to Dawson in 1899 to engage in private practice as a mining engineer, and also to do some mining himself. Shortly after arriving in Dawson he met Skiff Mitchell and William Wilkinson, two old but successful Yukon gold miners—the former of whom is still alive in California—and with them he took a trip up Forty-Mile River, and visited the cabins in which they had lived and the bars on which they had mined before they had mined Eldorado Creek. Forty-mile Creek was the principal gold-producing stream in the Yukon before gold was discovered on the banks of Bonanza Creek in 1896. It was an excellent opportunity to see how they lived and how they extracted the gold from the gravel of the bars on the banks of the river.

Almost all of the old miners had moved up Yukon River to Klondike River or its tributaries, but Sam Patch, a typical Connecticut Yankee, was an exception. He was overjoyed at meeting the two old timers again, who used to be neighbours of his in the valley, but he had to tell them of serious trouble he had had since he had seen them last. The American and Canadian surveyors had run the boundary line between Alaska and Yukon Territory, Canada, and his house was found to be on the Canadian side of the line. He could not tolerate that so he pulled it down and rebuilt it on the American side. But the next summer when he planted his garden beside it the damned Canadian mice came over and ate every one of his vegetables!

The following winter Tyrrell took a trip to England and read a paper on the "Gold Bearing Alluvial Deposits of the Klondike District" before the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy in London and another on the "Basin of the Yukon River in Canada" before the Scottish Geographical Society in Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen.



Cumberland House, Saskatchewan, in 1894, one hundred and twenty years after its foundation by Samuel Hearne.

After returning from England to Dawson, he spent the summer of 1900 inspecting mining properties, some of them owned by people in England, and writing reports on them. Towards the end of December, Mr. Roedecker, owner and publisher of the *Dawson Daily News* asked some of the residents of Dawson—Tyrrell among them—for predictions or guesses as to what would be most likely to happen in the century that was about to begin. The contributions, which were to be short, would occupy the front page of the *Daily News* on January 1st, 1901, the first day of the new century.

In his contribution, Tyrrell anticipated Sir Wilfrid Laurier by declaring that just as "the great feature of the last century has been the entry of the United States on the stage of the world's history," so "in the next century Canada may be expected to assume a somewhat similar position to that occupied by the United States in the last." And he went on to prophesy that Canada's virgin agricultural land would be all tilled, the forests would be cut so as to conserve them, the lakes would furnish enough fish to feed millions, "and it is not improbable that its mineral wealth will equal or even exceed that of the United States itself . . . As yet there are between one and three million square miles of country in Canada practically unprospected, and the mineral wealth that lies hidden in this vast area will be a very important factor in the progress of this northern continent."

The following four years Tyrrell spent directing mining work, mostly on Bonanza and Hunker Creeks, and in travelling about the territory, inspecting many mining claims and prospects, scattered all the way eastward up Stewart River to Galena and Keno hills, and southward and westward to the copper deposits between Whitehorse and Lake Kluane, all of which are now being operated or explored.

Later he wrote a history of the Yukon Territory in the monumental *Canada and its Provinces*, and a number of other articles based on knowledge he had gained in those

Dr. Tyrrell's party at Theitaga Lake, July 30, 1894. On the left is his companion, R. Munroe-Ferguson, after whom he named Ferguson Lake and River.

country, in the Rocky Mountains, along the Saskatchewan, and in the Columbia valley, he followed in the tracks of David Thompson, fur trader and geographer, for whose thoroughness and accuracy he has great admiration. His familiarity with the country led to his editing the journals of both explorers for the Champlain Society, with in-

Left: In the rapids of Thlewiaza River, northwestern Manitoba. Below: Eskimos in caribou-skin kyaks on the Kazan River, in August.

Right: Dr. Tyrrell and Munroe-Ferguson, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen, after their arrival in Winnipeg, early in 1895, on the steps of the Lieut.-Governor's residence. Top, with deerskin hoods drawn; bottom, with hoods open.

northern goldfields. In London he read a paper, "The Law of the Paystreak in Placer Deposits," before the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, which for the first time gave a correct explanation of how and why gold dust and pebbles occur in such erratic streaks in the gravel of valley bottoms or the beds of streams.

In 1906, Tyrrell opened an office in Toronto, and gradually built up a business as a mining engineer. He had something to do with the beginnings of many of the mines in Northern Ontario that are now big producers, and eventually took on the management of one at Kirkland Lake. Upwards of $1,000,000 had been spent on it without the discovery of paying ore. Believing that ore would be found at greater depth, Dr. Tyrrell agreed to arrange for the necessary financing, and became president and managing director of the company (Kirkland Lake Gold Mining Company Limited). Ore was struck at 1,800 feet, and the mine has since produced almost $28,000,000, a profitable venture for all concerned.

In his northern explorations, Dr. Tyrrell more than once crossed the tracks of Samuel Hearne; and in the Athabasca

troductions and notes by himself; and he later edited for the Society, *Documents Relating to the Early History of Hudson Bay*, and the *Journals of Hearne and Turnor*.

In order to spread knowledge of Canada's mineral heritage, he, some years ago, deposited a fund with the Geological Society of London, the interest to be used in paying the expenses each year of some young British geologist, mining professor, or student, who wished to come to Canada to study its rocks, minerals, and metals.

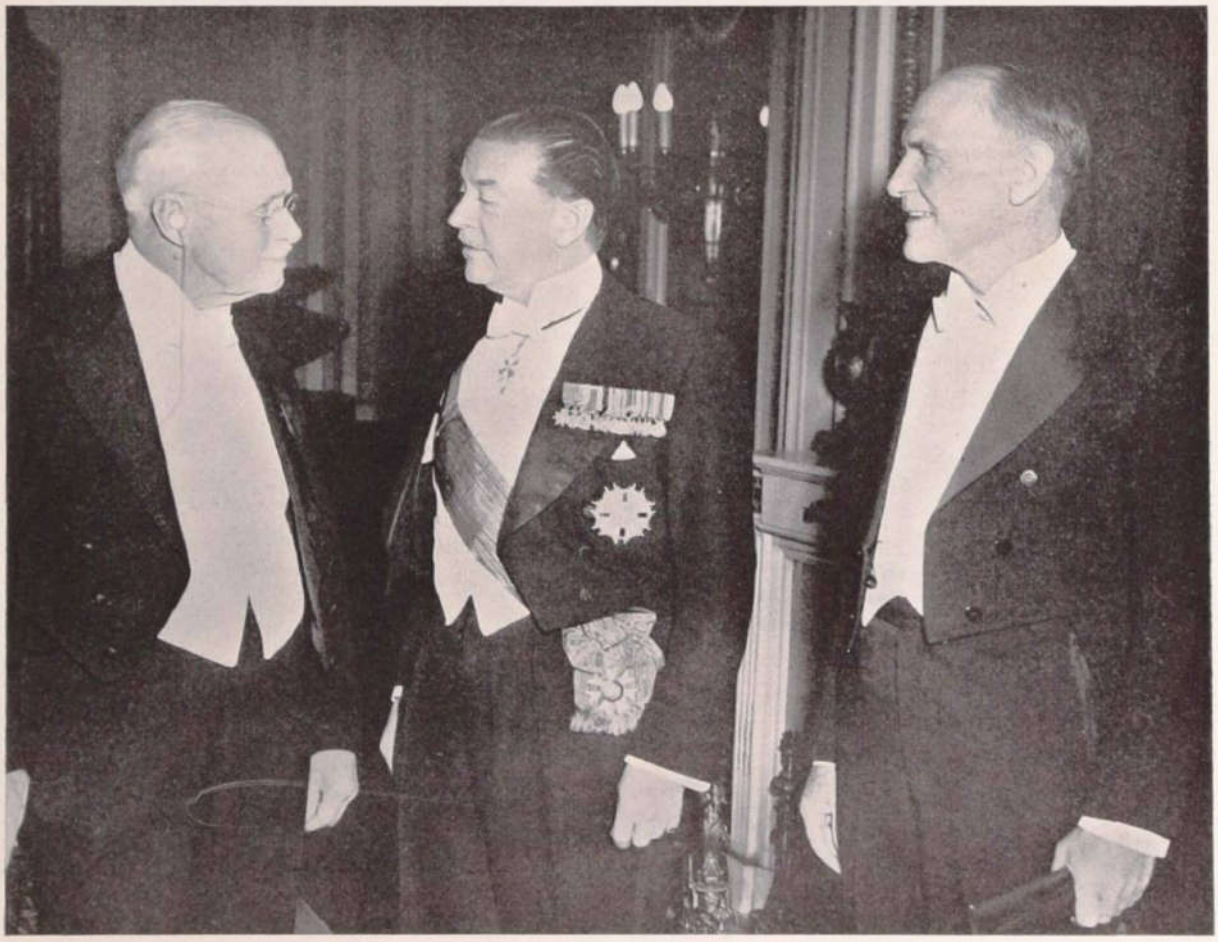
He also believes that, in addition to knowing something about the "build" of their country, Canadians should know something about its history. In 1928, he provided an endowment to enable the Royal Society of Canada to present a gold medal annually to an author doing outstanding work in Canadian history. In accordance with his instructions, the medal is Canadian in motif, the inscription in modern language. Up to 1951, twenty-six medals had been awarded.

Dr. Tyrrell himself has been honoured by universities and learned societies. His alma mater gave him an honorary LL.D. in 1930, and Queen's University did likewise in 1940. He received the Back Award of the Royal Geographical Society in 1896; the Murchison Medal of the Geological Society of London in 1918; the Daly Medal of the American Geographical Society; the Flavelle Medal of the Royal Society of Canada; and, in 1947, the Wollaston Medal, the highest award of the Geological Society of London.

When past seventy, he indulged a long-held desire to grow apples; and, at Agincourt, near Toronto, where he lives in summer, set out 100 acres of Spies and Mackintoshes, which have long-since come to maturity. This has been in addition to the oversight of a large gold mine, although, in recent years, he has not been quite so active in the affairs of either. Nevertheless, he still presides at annual meetings of the mining company, and his addresses are notable for the vigour with which he advances his views concerning the place of gold in the national economy.

While he has now no major work in hand, he continues to add to his already extensive literary production (see *Beaver*, September, 1952). He keeps in close touch with what is happening in the world, and derives particular satisfaction from the development now in progress in those parts of Canada to which his own efforts have so greatly contributed. ◆

Before Lord Alexander left Ottawa for England this year, he was guest of honour at the annual dinner of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. Here he talks with Dr. Tyrrell, while Dr. Oliver Hopkins, president of the Institute, looks on. Newton

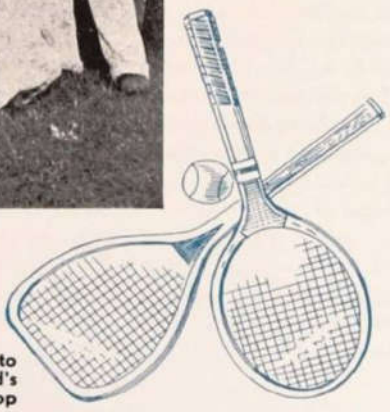


Tennis, anyone? An old photo of a party at the E. N. Maltbys', in which individual tastes in costume are nicely displayed. Those mentioned in the article are: Back row; 2, Harry Bird; 6, Bertie Beckton; 16, Major Phipps; 17, J. Humphreys; 20, C. Hanson. Front row: 3 and 4, daughters of Major Phipps; 6, A. Bellhouse; 7, E. N. Maltby. Next to him is Bertram Tennyson, nephew of the poet.

England on the PRAIRIES

by A. E. M. Hewlett

The people of Cannington Manor tried to bring a bit of the life they had known in the gentle English countryside to the wide prairies of Saskatchewan.



Meet of the Cannington Fox Hounds. Buildings, R. to L., are Moose Mountain Trading Co. store, R. Bird's house, Mitre Hotel, blacksmith shop, wheelwright shop and house. Nearby fence belongs to the church.

CANNINGTON Manor is a romantic name to tourists in south-east Saskatchewan, searching for traces of the old settlement half way between the main line of the C.P.R. and the U.S. border, forty miles south-west of Moosomin. It was an exotic experiment in English colonization that flourished towards the end of the last century.

Legends about it bud less from the serious colony founded in 1882 by Captain Edward Michell Pierce than from "Didsbury," the Beckton brothers' stock farm, and the sport that centred on that hospitable establishment. Here, the three Beckton brothers, Ernest, Billy, and Bertie, genial hosts, welcomed all men with sporting interests. The house, built of local stone in 1889, and still standing, has twenty rooms, with added bachelor wing of five bedrooms over a separate entrance hall, and billiard room, 24x27, that took a full sized billiard table. A beautiful steel case contained hunting and racing equipment. Two valets, both old soldiers, ministered to the many guests.

In early 1882 the westward surge of pioneers from Britain and Eastern Canada left scattered parties of settlers east of Moose Mountain. Pioneer parties, such as those led by two older men, Rev. T. Baldwin and Mr. Brownlee, and by younger men, John Turton and E. C. MacDiarmid, picked lightly rolling land, good for pasture or plough within reach of timber, game and fish, from the Moose Mountain with its lakes. Theirs is a separate story of the gallant struggle that built the West.

Into this raw west came Captain Pierce, and put into effect his plan, laid before Sir John A. Macdonald, to induce men with families and capital, also young men able to rely on parental backing, to develop the area he chose on and around Section 14-9-1-W2.

The captain's first appearance was noted by a wide-eyed child at a stopping house on the banks of the Little Pipestone Creek, the steeper of two inevitably crossed by all travellers from Moosomin to Cannington. "The land guide," she told me sixty years later, "unrolled the captain's bedding and asked: 'Do you sleep head high or low?' Never in our lives had we seen one grown man wait on another." A hint as to the shortness of the colony's life, perhaps?

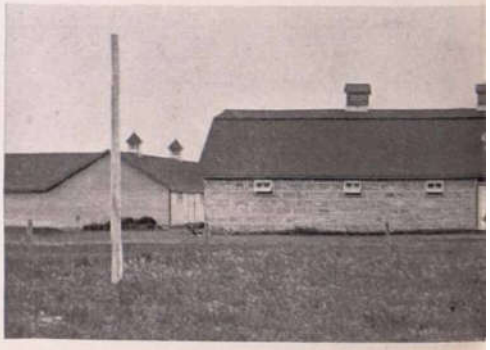
In the settler's effects of the families came knife-cleaning machines and pianos, dinner jackets and side saddles, artists' easels and cricket stumps, long damask tablecloths and caps for maids who, incidentally, promptly married. The daughters tackled the unaccustomed work, to the admiration of the many bachelors.

The captain had two connecting log houses built, named this, their home, Cannington, and installed for the pupils, English public school boys, a farm instructor, "Scotty" Bryce, who once said: "I was glad when the young gentlemen took to tennis, so that I could get on with the work."

The captain himself paced out the village street and showed the carpenter where to place pegs. Consulted earlier by a London clerk wishing to locate, he waved his

Right: "Didsbury," home of the Ernest Becktons, built 1889 and still standing.

Below: The Becktons' drivers, sired by Jase Phillips out of Indian ponies. J. J. Murison holds them. Lower right: Stone stables at "Didsbury" in 1897.



arms in a wide circle and said: "All this land as far as eye can see belongs to me and my sons." The Londoner took the hint and settled in the bush.

At the instigation of the Pierce family and helped by all, also by funds from England, the church named All Saints, Moose Mountains, was begun in 1884 and on June 21, 1885, was the first consecrated by Rt. Rev. A. J. R. Anson, first Bishop of Qu'Appelle.

Captain Pierce's next step was to interest H. Bird, R. Bird, and E. N. Maltby, in forming the Moose Mountain Trading Company, which built and owned all the village, apart from the church, vicarage and school. The village consisted of the Mitre Hotel (where Mr. Lloyd George, passing through as an unknown solicitor, objected to the barman squirting tobacco juice while serving his meal); the tall roller grist mill, with a 50 h.p. engine fired by cordwood from Moose Mountain, that drew custom from seventy miles and won an international medal for flour; the blacksmith shop, where political argument raged; the woodworker's shop where an English dog-cart was built, and where the Presbyterians gathered for the sermons of the old minister who browsed in his Greek Testament while his pony meandered at will along the winding flowery prairie trails; and of course the store with post-office, where twice a week the stage from Moosomin to the border drew up with a flourish. This vehicle never missed a trip whatever the weather, and was apt to decant, not only the general mail and the personal bags of some heads of households, but also yet another tenderfoot, some eager young Englishman, complete with cricket bag and gun case.

Mr. Humphrys built a pork-packing plant, and two cheese factories were a company venture. A land office and school with hall above were added later, but only the latter lot was surveyed, a fact useful to one young man hauled up for being drunk and disorderly on a public street; he pleaded successfully that Cannington was private property, not a street.

The English colony was not only a source of discreet amusement to pioneers with farming background, but of plentiful work for their varied skills. The building of village and large homes, particularly the Beckton establishment, meant work for skilled masons, carpenters, plasterers, etc.; and the hauling from Moosomin of every single thing except logs, lime and stone, during the entire life of the village, was an unending source of income for any man with oxen or horses.

That forty mile trip from Moosomin is bitten deep into the memory of every old timer, also the ready cash for jobs done. English sovereigns floated the colony, including even a cheque from Queen Victoria herself. A daughter of Major Phipps, as a god-daughter of the Queen, received the usual birthday gift of ten pounds from the Privy Purse. The Moosomin bank clerk looked at it with doubt: "You can't put that across; next you'll expect me to believe the old lady is here herself."

Several of the Cannington ladies had been presented at Court. Evening dress in the new world was soon dropped, except for formal occasions such as the Beckton's Hunt Dinner or a ball held in one of the big homes—which were on the English plan, each about a mile from any other.

Captain Pierce died in 1888 just as his plan was unfolding. Men of retiring age from England were arriving, heads of families such as James Humphrys, a marine architect; Henry Hanson, a banker from Constantinople; J. E. Stanier, a gentleman farmer; and Mrs. Sheldon-Williams, widow of an artist. They stood for good living, strong support of the Church, and importation of good livestock; and they made welcome among their own sons and daughters many young Englishmen, most of whom had recently left some college or public school of great tradition.

The activities of the English group included tennis, cricket, football, races, fox hunting, shooting, dances, sailing on Cannington Lake, painting, reading, discussion of politics and wider questions of the day, and pre-eminently, music. A large choral society flourished under the baton of Mr. Humphrys, the occasional play was produced, and concerts, showing a variety of talent, given at the Town Hall. They encouraged the formation of the Agricultural Society and a rifle club.

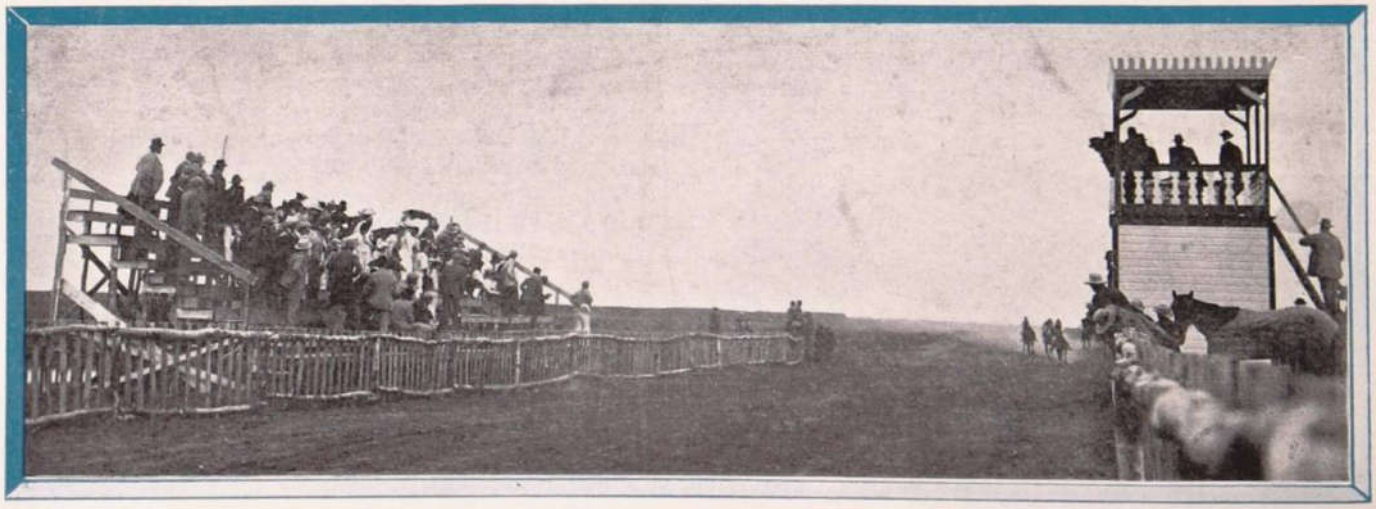
To hold unpaid public office was a matter of course. A tale has come down of the case of the Squaw's Nose, brought before Dr. Hardy, J.P. Treaty money had been received in Moosomin and possibly on the way home to the reserve a bottle might have been "found on the trail." In any case, a family quarrel developed between two of the Indian's four wives. One bit off the other squaw's nose. Dr. Hardy heard the evidence through an interpreter, then addressed the Indian brave sternly: "Cannot you keep order in your household?" The Indian spoke but the interpreter did not. The doctor insisted. "He says you are a damn fool to tell a man with four wives to keep order."

In 1889, Ernest, Billy and Bertie Beckton went into business as importers and breeders of thoroughbreds. The first foreman, Harry Keal, from Lord Yarborough's stables, imposed high standards. Their stud was Jase Phillips, a horse bred on Belle Meade Stock Farm, Nashville, Tenn., with two Derby winners in his pedigree, Orlando and Bay Middleton. He had raced prominently as a two year old in the States. Jase permanently improved light horses in Saskatchewan. The Beckton colours, orange and black, were seen all round the western circuit in the nineties. A Canningtonian, going round the world on a sailing vessel at that time, reported that in the clubs at every port of call the Beckton's and their horses had been heard of. Of

Top: Kennels at J. G. Baker's. L. to R.: Paul Bray, kennel huntsman and whip; John G. Baker, M.F.H.; Bob Baker, whip.

Centre: Duck hunters at A. LeMesurier's camp—A. LeMesurier, R. Baker, C. D. Steadman, C. Y. Stanier, C. Tennant.

Bottom: Cannington Races; coming into the straight.



the many thoroughbreds, both imported and bred, Didsbury, a stallion, and Piccaninny, a mare, won first and second in the two-year-old stakes at the N.W.T. Exhibition on Regina tracks in 1895. Imogene, a famous race mare, Nigger Joe up, won the Queen's Plate in Winnipeg, and the Becktons refused seven thousand for her, according to Dr. J. J. Murison, their last foreman.

The steeplechase course at Cannington had eight jumps. The sod jump was three feet through and four high, with a foot of brush on top. The water jump, which few cleared, was fourteen feet, and the last jump five feet.

Race Week was the event of the year. The French Counts, Roussignac and Jumiac from Whitewood, used to attend in a four-in-hand coach, with footmen in livery, tall hats, cockades and all. The Indians raced their ponies and later held a pow-wow in the village.

Didsbury Stock Farm was an establishment astounding in size for the place and date. The construction kept men constantly on the trail for two years hauling supplies from Moosomin. The range of buildings included the dwelling house of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beckton; the foreman's house, also of stone; the bunkhouse for eight men; the stone racing barn measuring 120x24 feet, expensively fitted, lined with varnished matchboarding and with glass cases in the harness room; a broodmares' barn; a cowbarn more often used for ponies; kennels, housing besides foxhounds a number of other thoroughbred dogs; hog house; and driving shed, with an imported surrey, a dog-cart built in the village by J. Ramsey, and other vehicles. The first two pair of foxhounds were imported by Arthur Bellhouse from two famous English packs, the Cheshire and the Quorn. The Becktons imported more from Sibley, Iowa, of Isle of Wight stock. Red fox, then plentiful, was the quarry; if the hounds scented a coyote, they were whipped off. The few women who hunted rode sidesaddle.

The vigorous tennis club, with two courts beside his home, owed much to E. N. Maltby, winner of cups in India. Tournaments were held with entrants from as far away as Winnipeg. The cricket club exchanged matches and sometimes toured points such as Moosomin, Grenfell, Indian Head and Wapella. A tale is told of the Cannington team returning from some match: "The conductor cleared the coach, and we played a match in the train, putting a fielder at each window. The rest of the team was in the baggage car and piled on the platform till called for." Cricket lasted right up to the first World War. Tennis was revived after it for some years.

The Assiniboia rugby team with several Cannington men on it went down and defeated Winnipeg, the only try that day being made by Cannington's swift sprinter, A. S. Le Mesurier, who still lives in his old home in the bush and only wears a collar to funerals. The *Free Press* carried an account of the chair smashing rumpus in the Walker Theatre that night which ended in one of the team spending the night in the care of H.M. Government. "A lady hypnotist on the stage," mused Mr. Le Mesurier, "held out a wand and asked anyone in the audience to come up and push her over. Naturally we wanted to try. The manager asked us to leave. We objected. That's all!" The magistrate next day remarked: "They were certainly young men who knew better."

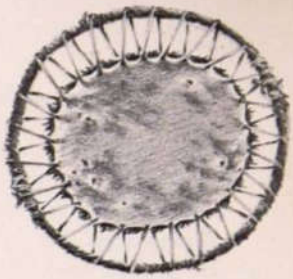
Sergeant Geoghegan, one of the first couple of Mounties to arrive in Cannington in 1888 summed up the colony: "We had a very fine class of people in and around Cannington, although a number of them were not fit for what they came out to do—farming—which they did in a haphazard way. Most of them had a remittance, a jolly good time, a pack of hounds—and to hang with the farm." He added that there was no crime, the police duties were to patrol the Indian Reserves and check the liquor traffic from Manitoba, a great game of wits.

One settler used to don an old red Mountie tunic and scare smugglers into abandoning their load. An oft-told tale is of the whiskey runners who cached their load out east of the ranch and brought a good sized keg as a sample into Cannington. Unfortunately they got pretty well filled up on their sample and began to blow about the amount cached. Some of the boys traced their rig marks and relieved them of their liquor, re-caching it. It was subsequently subdivided and given away to all hands. The long haystack behind the hotel positively bristled with bottles, anywhere you would put your hand in you'd bring out a bottle, and there was one in every manger. One bachelor carried his on his buckboard in a tin kettle, the spout bunged with a potato.

Another yarn runs thus: "When the Agricultural Fair was in full swing, on marched a Highlander in kilts and what not, with his pipes. He proceeded to give them a whirl or skirl or whatever you call it, pumped well into the machine and let it go. All the horses in those early days were bronchos unused to Scots music. They lit out for where they had come from; likewise the cattle, sheep, and everything that could get out, got. Hens and geese were throwing fits in their coops and the only person still going strong was the Highlander with his pipes."

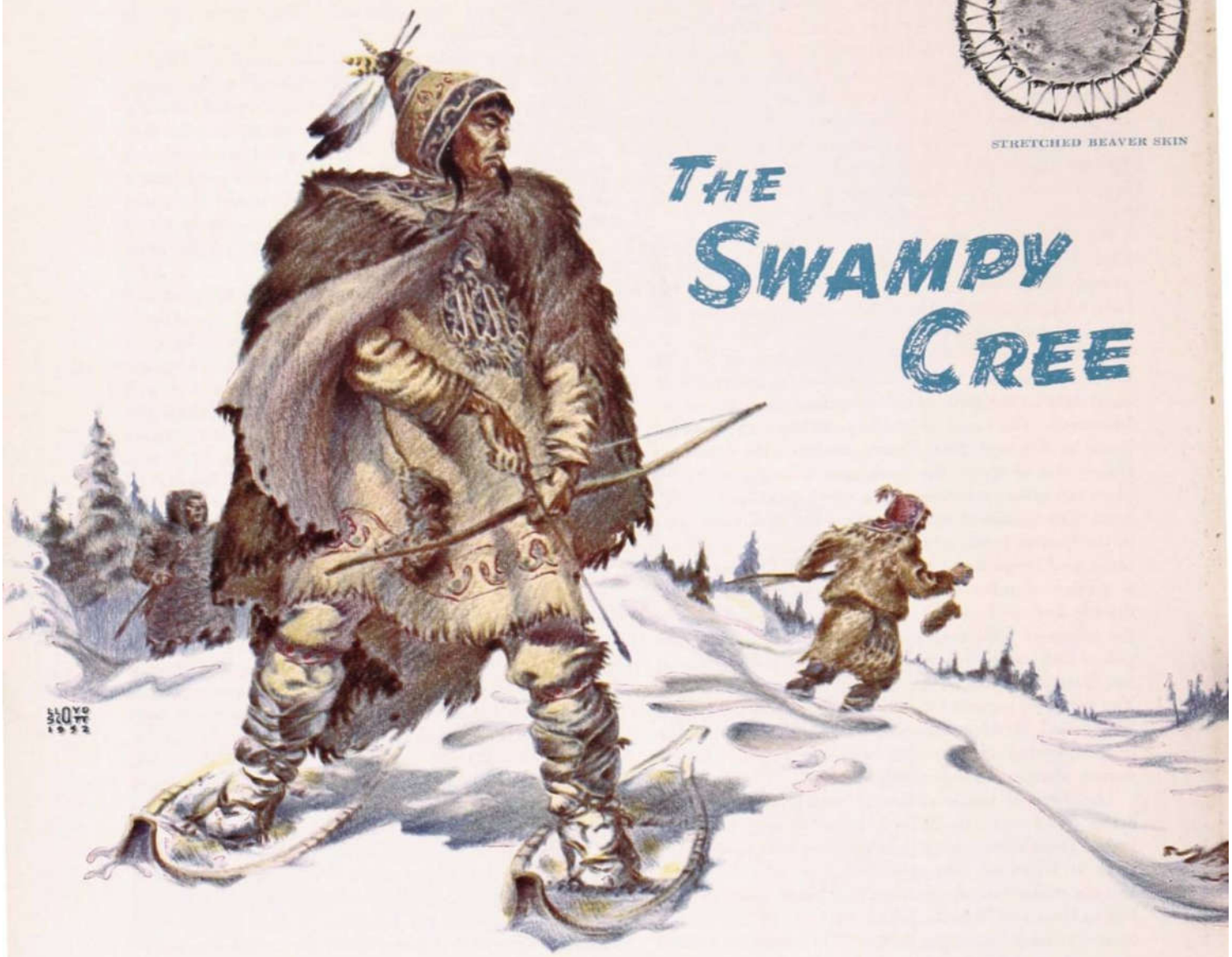
Many such tales belong to the heyday of the colony. Gradually it began to change. The pork packing plant ceased to function, as did the cheese factories. Several of the families suffered the loss of one of their members and soon moved away. Others decided they could live a more pleasant life on their small incomes in a less rigorous climate, such as B.C. The bachelors spread abroad, some to the South African War, some to the Klondike, some to take up professions or enter business for which they were more fitted. The closing down of Didsbury in 1897 hastened the end of the colony as such, and the coming of the C.P.R. ten miles south in 1900 finished it. In a few years the village was deserted. The war took most of the younger men, of whom only a handful returned to Cannington. A few of the original Englishmen married and became steady farmers in the district.

The village "street" has long been under plough, the rusty remains of the mill sunken, but from the tower of the church comes now and then the clear call of the bell, ringing over the graves of many who came with such splendid hope to build in the West a bit of old England. ◆



STRETCHED BEAVER SKIN

THE SWAMPY CREE



by Lloyd Scott

Text by Douglas Leechman

WIGWAMS OF BARK AND SKINS

CARRYING BABIES IN MOSSBAGS AND CRADLE

BIRCHBARK VESSELS

LADLES OF WOOD AND ANTLER

ROACH HEADDRESS

THE Swampy Cree probably had as tough a life as any Indians in Canada. Their territory, eastern Manitoba and western Ontario, is a land of forest, rock, and muskeg and never was able to support a large population of either men or animals. We don't know how many Swampy Cree there were when they broke away from the Ojibways about 1600, but there are about 2,250 of them living today.

Hunting and fishing was the only way in which they could make a living and that meant a lot of travelling and a portable house. They used wigwams, either conical or domed, covered with birch-bark or mats; farther north, they used caribou skins. All these were carried with the people when they moved, by canoe in summer and toboggans and snowshoes in winter.

Keeping warm in a severe climate was one of the major problems. Clothing was of caribou or moose skin with a large fur robe to sleep in, and to wear for extra warmth in winter. Some cold weather clothes were made from woven strips of rabbit skin.

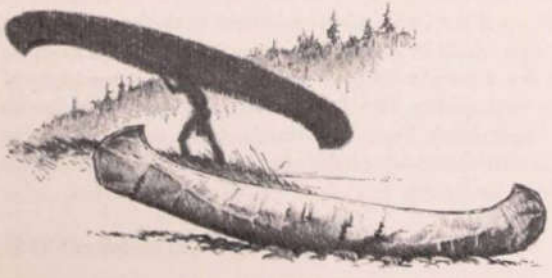
For weapons they used bows and arrows, with chipped stone points or plain "bunts," but even more reliance seems to have been placed in traps and snares, of which they knew many kinds. Moose, caribou, deer, bear, beaver, and rabbits were their main food resources. Ducks and geese were taken during the spring and autumn migrations and grouse and ptarmigan in winter. Fish were used all through the year. But even though they were skilled hunters and fishermen, people often went hungry for days at a time. Cooking pots were of birch bark, the water being brought to a boil with hot stones. Farther north, where there isn't much big birch, they used soapstone pots as the Eskimo do.

Both men and women were rather short with broad faces and dark skins, but many of the young men were well built and handsome. As for the women, Sir Alexander Mackenzie said he thought the Swampy Cree women the most beautiful in Canada.

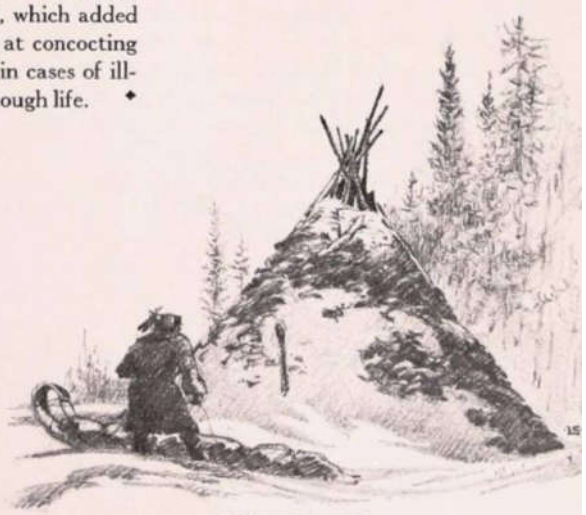
Like most Crees, they lived in constant dread of witchcraft. No man went anywhere without his medicine bag full of charms. Most of the older men belonged to secret societies, half religious, half magical, which added greatly to their prestige and power. The women were good at concocting medicines from wild plants and they used the sweat bath in cases of illness; but in spite of charms, drugs, and baths, they still led a tough life. ◆

FIREBAG

KNIFE SHEATH AND PIPE



BIRCHBARK CANOES



WINTER LODGE

THE INDIAN

Today and Yesterday

By S. A. Taylor

Northern Ontario Indians line up under the pines in their Sunday best to receive the Company's 250th anniversary medal, in 1920. Canadian Govt.

WHEN I first joined the Hudson's Bay Company nearly half a century ago, the Indians of Northern Ontario still clung to many of their old ways of life. Since then highways and railways have been built, and pulpwood cutters have moved into the Indian's trapping grounds. With these developments, his ways and customs have naturally altered, and in this account, I have tried to outline some of the changes that have taken place in his clothing, food, and shelter, his means of travel and of earning a livelihood, and his general outlook on life.

Yesterday

Clothing. For winter clothing back in 1905 the men wore capote (hooded) coats either of blue or white duffle. The white, being so inconspicuous against the snow, constituted an ideal hunting garment. Stroud leggings of hip length were also frequently worn, and for footwear moccasins were worn the year around, the fancy beaded or silk embroidered variety being much in evidence during Christmas festivities and at Treaty Payment. During the summer months black felt hats and blue serge trousers were worn by most of the men, some also wearing blue serge caps. No other colours were acceptable. The squaws wore dresses of pure wool galaplaid, and tartan shawls, and during the winter many of the women and children wore rabbit skin coats and hoods. Printed cotton dresses and fancy flowered silk handkerchiefs for headgear constituted their summer attire.

In some localities, notably the Lake of the Woods district, they still held their "pow-wows" or give-away dances, at which they vied with each other in the giving away or exchanging of their treasured possessions, and to which they came adorned in their finest bead-work moccasins, belts and fire bags.

Food. Whilst they subsisted to a large extent on fish and game, they also bought a good deal of lard and tea, also some flour, baking powder, pork and sugar; and those who could afford it, purchased condensed milk, dairy butter and compound jam, prunes and dried apples. They put lard as a spread on their bannock instead of butter, and used it very liberally in their cooking. Sea biscuits were also used extensively, but bread was seldom seen in their camps. Copper cooking pails were still in use but replacements were usually of the tin variety. Tableware consisted of tin milk pans in various sizes, the larger being used as kneading pans and dish-ups, and the smaller sizes serving as cups. A frying pan, butcher knives and a few dessert spoons usually sufficed to complete their cooking and tableware requirements.

Many of the Indians were addicted to the use of chewing tobacco, which in some localities they also smoked in either clay pipes purchased from the store, or in stone pipes of their own making. Thistle Twist tobacco, commonly known as "niggerhead," was also widely used, sometimes being mixed with the bark of the red willow which the Indians called *kinnikinick*.

Shelter. Whilst many of them continued to live in wigwams and tents, some of the more prosperous members of the tribe, and others whose trapping grounds were near the reserves, lived in log houses.

Travel. Birch bark canoes were still used quite extensively although the more opulent members of the tribe were beginning to abandon these in favour of the Peterborough basswood canoe. Their snowshoes were usually of the flat type although some of the turned-up type known as the Ojibway pattern were also used for hunting moose in the loose snow, for which especially large ones were used.

Livelihood. Trapping was, of course, their main means of livelihood, their traps being set out early in October, and their trapping activities continuing until late in May, and even into early June in some cases. Some of the better hunters would get their "fall debt," or a portion of it, as early as August, transporting the heavier goods to their trapping grounds and returning to the post in September for the balance of their debt. They would then stay out on their trap lines until either Christmas or New Year's, when they would all come in with their furs; some of them bringing their families in with them, others leaving them in the bush.

The summer was spent in comparative idleness, apart from such tasks as building new birch-bark canoes when needed, setting nets and snaring rabbits—the last two largely the duties of the squaw. True, there was little work available at many of the posts, but when it was available the good hunters would be insulted if asked to do it, taking the attitude that they worked hard enough all winter. In view of the hardships they endured, there was perhaps some justification for this.

While trapping constituted their chief means of livelihood, in some localities the harvesting of wild rice and blueberries helped to tide them over during the summer months. The sale of dressed moose and caribou hides, parchment, babiche, deer sinews and moccasins also helped them to eke out a livelihood during the summer or when trapping was poor. They were a care-free people, taking little or no thought for the morrow, spending the fruits of their trapping recklessly and putting nothing by for the "rainy day."

Health. They had little or no faith in white doctors, preferring to patronize their own medicine men, but were nevertheless not averse to buying some patent medicines such as liniment, laxatives and painkiller. They also had their conjurors, in which some of them continued to have faith. Tuberculosis was rabid amongst the Indians then, and if not attributable to, was at least aggravated by changes in their mode of living, some of them having abandoned the wigwam—which though smoky was at least well ventilated—for shacks and tents which were kept at an abnormally high temperature. Little consideration was shown for the aged and infirm, many of whom had to fend for themselves and perform tasks for which they were physically unfit. Whilst free hospitalization was available for any of the seriously ill, they seldom availed themselves of it, preferring to take the chance of surviving at home rather than risk dying away from their friends and relatives.

Education. Educational facilities were meagre, although there were summer schools at some of the reserves, and the Indians were encouraged to send their children to boarding schools in the cities. Few, however, were willing to part with their children, and refused to let them go.

Today

Clothing. Changes in their clothing have followed pretty well the trend of the white man's, the capote having been replaced by the mackinaw coat, and that in turn by the parka and windbreaker. Moccasins are used but little except when snowshoeing. Instead we find them wearing leather topped rubbers, or work boots if the nature of their employment requires it. For summer wear brightly coloured windbreakers are much in evidence, and while their fondness for blue serge trousers remains unchanged, the donegal tweed cap has taken priority over all other colours and patterns of headgear. The women for the most part wear factory made dresses, although the older ones still continue to make their own of tartan flannelette or blue serge when they can afford it.

Food. Today's Indian subsists largely on the white man's food, no longer using lard as a spread, but choosing butter and often refusing to settle for margarine. Bread is used extensively, but seldom if ever do they bake their own. Canned meats and vegetables, also canned fruits, bologna and macaroni form important parts of their diet. Few of them, however, care for cheese.

Shelter. Most of them have houses of some description, some of the more fortunate ones, and some who served in the last war, having quite nice homes, many of which are well kept.

Travel. No longer is the birch-bark canoe to be seen, and the basswood canoe in turn has given place to the

Indian babies are propped up in their tikhenaghens while the mothers do some shopping.

Native children dressed in the traditional rabbit fur garments made of woven strips of skin. G. Speers

canvas covered type often equipped with an outboard motor. While these canoes are almost exclusively factory made, some of the Indians can build remarkably good facsimiles for which they occasionally find a white customer, but seldom can they sell them to their own kith and kin. Those whose trapping grounds are far distant no longer travel by canoe or snowshoe; instead they hire aeroplanes to fly there, and to come out at a pre-determined date. If they live in the vicinity of a highway, they will hire taxis to travel to their destinations, even though the distance may be quite short.

Livelihood. No longer does the Indian depend on trapping for a livelihood; but augments his earnings by working in the numerous pulpwood camps. While probably the majority of such workers are engaged in pulpwood cutting, at which some of them are very proficient, some of them have learned to drive tractors and bulldozers, while others with a knowledge of the lakes have been able to secure positions as pilots on the tugs. Many of them too, work on the railroad sections, some of them attaining positions as foremen on section gangs.

No longer does the Indian enjoy special trapping privileges not accorded to the white trapper. He must buy a trapping license and can only trap in a designated area, while, in the case of beaver, he is allotted a quota which he may not exceed. He may not kill moose or deer out of season and consequently when there is no open season on these, has no means of obtaining hide for his moccasins nor babiche for his snowshoes, so has to resort to the factory made articles. With shorter trapping seasons, and with the season closed on some of the scarcer fur-bearers such as marten and fisher, trapping offers a very meagre means of livelihood to those who are not fortunate enough to be in a beaver country. The stringency of the game laws, and the enforcement of these laws on the Indians, is calculated to induce an ever increasing number of them to abandon their old mode of living, and seek to make their livelihood from means other than trapping and hunting.

The opening up and developing of logging and pulpwood industries in the district has also been a large factor in

An Ojibway woman weaves a blanket of rabbit skin strips like those in the foreground. Behind her is a fine pair of snowshoes and a bow with a "bunt" arrow. I. W. McCauley

Old fashioned birchbark wigwams like these are hardly ever seen today. Edwin Mills

changing the Indians' mode of life; the noise of the tractors and bulldozers, and the damming of the rivers and streams, having driven the game and the fur bearing animals farther north. But there is little doubt that the average Indian would still prefer to hunt and trap could he make as much at it as he can cutting pulpwood or working on the section. Some of the Indians served in the armed forces during the last war, and used their rehabilitation credits for the purchasing of traps, nets, canoes, and outboard motors, and their V.L.A. allowances in the building of new homes, and in one instance that I know of, in the starting of a small mink farm.

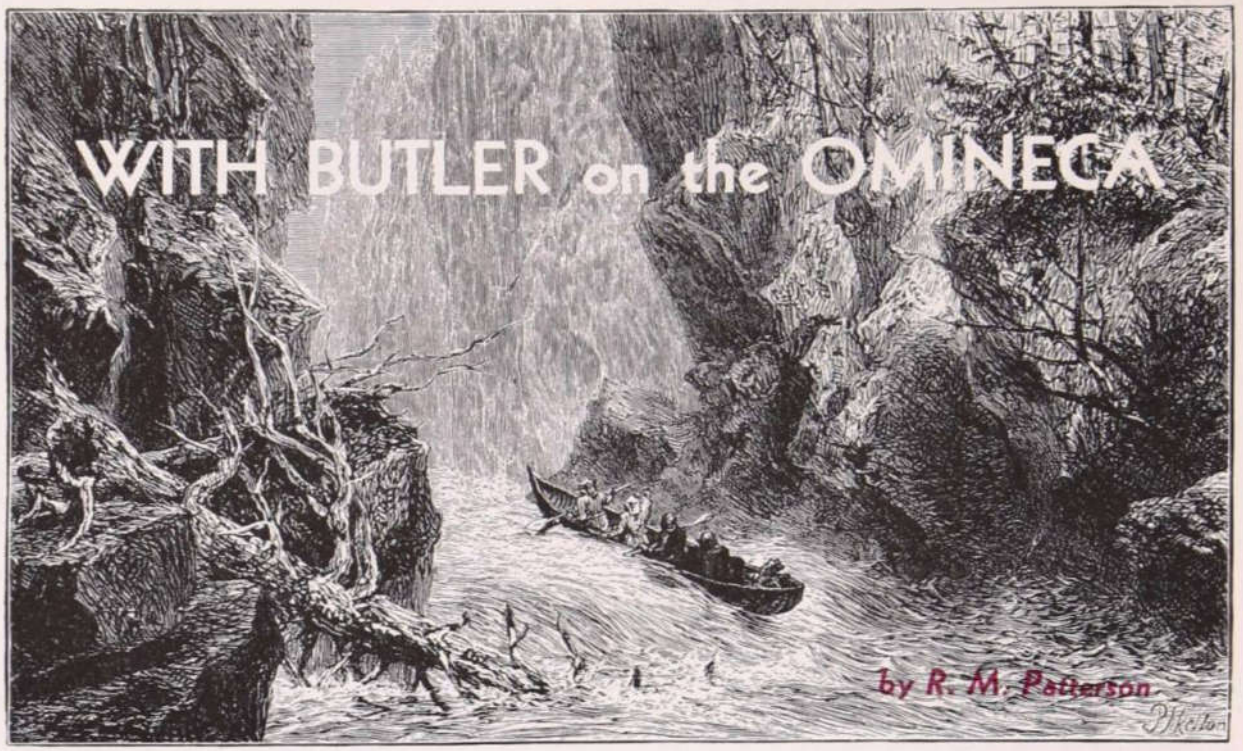
Health. The health of the Indians has greatly improved as a result of the segregation of tubercular cases, who are taken care of in the sanatoria. In addition, the district health nurse is continually visiting the many Indian reserves in the district, giving help and instruction and arranging for the hospitalization of those needing it. While some of the Indians are still loth to take advantage of the free hospitalization accorded them, their aversion to being confined in a hospital appears to be diminishing.

Education. Although for the most part not enfranchised, they receive Family Allowance cheques, and this has been an incentive to many of them to send their children to school, who formerly had refrained from doing so; not wishing to be separated from their children, and with no schools in the vicinity.

Most of the younger generation can now speak English fairly fluently, and even the old-timers have picked it up to some extent. The average Indian is quick to learn and I know of one case of an Indian who never went to school, but who not only taught himself to read and write English, but subsequently purchased a typewriter, opened up a small store, and now can write a better business letter than some people who have had the advantage of an education.

There is, therefore, no question that the lot of the Indian has vastly improved, and many of them are fast assimilating the characteristics of the white man. In conclusion, I wish I could say that they are happier and more contented. I doubt if they are, and many of the older members of the tribe must think with regret of the good old days that are gone beyond recall. ◆

Electing a new chief, Indian men line up behind the candidate of their choice, while the women and children look on. J. Siegel



"Running stern foremost the Black Canyon" is the title of this imaginative engraving in Butler's book.

Forty years after reading about Butler's adventures in the wild north land, the author followed him alone into the Black Canyon.

OUT of doors the snow of a hard winter lay deep. Yet for the small boy who was sprawled in front of the library fire all was warmth and comfort: the book that lay open, its pages held down by a billet of apple wood, was Sir William Butler's *The Wild North Land*, and the boy was far away by other snows, alone by his camp fire on the banks of the mighty Peace River. "The fire lit up the pine stems," said Butler, "and the last glint of daylight gleamed in the western sky." So it did here, in the north of England—and through a belt of pines, too, appropriately enough, that lay beyond the tennis lawn. Arched over the sunset was the gleaming crescent of the Daylight Comet, for it was January in the year of the two comets, 1910: Halley's Comet also was due to pay the earth one of its infrequent visits.

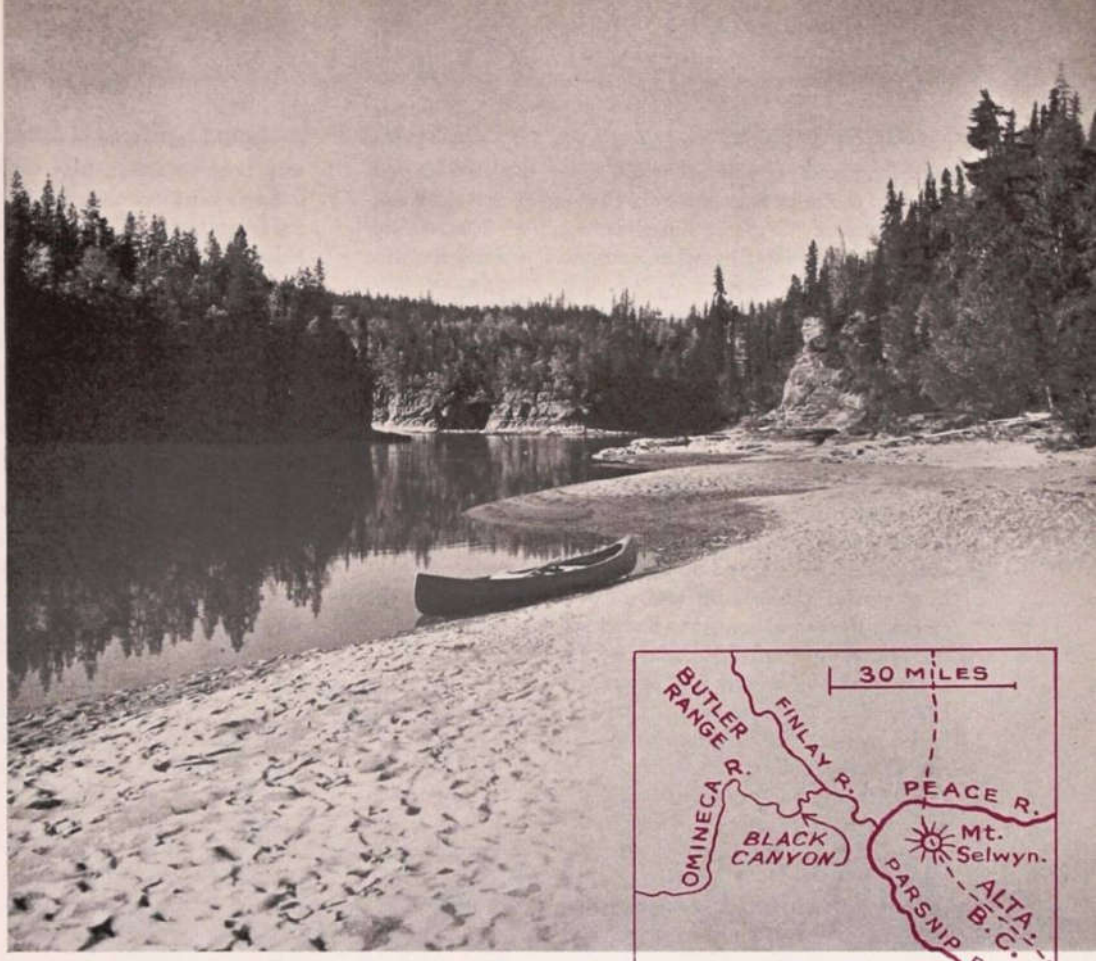
The pages turned to another illustration. There they were again, Butler and his party, cutting up a moose on a shingle bar. It was spring now and the Peace was open, but snow still adhered (heaven and the artist alone knew how) to the almost vertical slopes of a cone-shaped mountain—a mountain so extraordinary that no less a man than A. R. C. Selwyn himself, then Director of the Geological Survey, went to look for it and mentions it in his report for 1875-6: "At each turn of the river we expected that the remarkable conical mountain, depicted in *The Wild North Land*, page 271, would break upon our vision. In this, however, we were destined to be disappointed. . . ."

Next picture? "Running stern foremost the Black Canyon." What a place! Beneath those frowning crags the wild river seemed to come alive and the canoe to move in the flickering light of the fire. Decidedly a place for the boy to go and see, as soon as he was big enough to handle a canoe. In the meantime just reading about it would have to do—and the "camp fire" received a vigorous bash from the poker that made it leap into flame. . . .

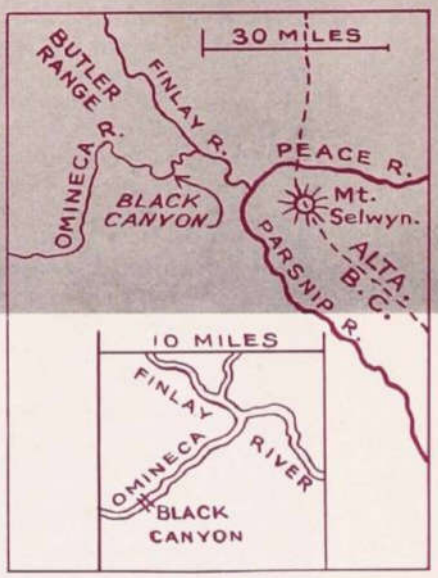
. . . . . .

Forty years went by; and then, in September of 1949, I found myself running a sixteen foot canoe down the Finlay from the Fishing Lakes and Fort Ware. Now at last, for the Black Canyon! and on September 3rd I ran the canoe into the mouth of the Omineca and made camp. The morning of the fourth was perfect, and I loaded up, flicked the canoe out into the current on the end of the trackline and started to walk up the bars.

That resolute and indefatigable man, R. G. McConnell, had made an exploration of the Omineca in 1893. For the first thirty-five miles, he says, until quiet water is reached



"There seemed to be cliffs in the distance." Looking up into the mouth of the Black Canyon from Butler's camp of May 11, 1873. All photos by the author.



The locale of the story. Inset is a larger-scale map of the junction of the two rivers.

nine miles above Little Canyon, the river drops 425 feet, with an average fall of twelve feet to the mile. McConnell also comments on the huge drift piles of the Omineca. The Finlay, I thought, had gone the limit in piling up these obstacles to navigation, but I soon found that the Omineca, in proportion to its size, was far worse. For a whole long day I poled, lined and "frogged" the outfit up the river, shoving the canoe and load over a huge cottonwood, around which there was no poling bottom, portaging the outfit up a sandbar in the middle of the stream at a point where dangerous driftpiles lined both banks. Luckily it was warm, for "frogging," in Finlay River parlance, means wading the canoe upstream, yourself sometimes waist deep in the fast water.

The Black Canyon is some eight or nine miles up from the mouth, and evening was coming on when I rounded a bend into a beautiful reach, free from driftpiles and with a good tracking beach. There seemed to be cliffs in the distance, golden yellow cliffs; they came closer, and then the current slacked off and I took the paddle for the first time that day and nosed up into the canyon. I had been a longish time on the way—just on forty years—but I still could not improve on my awed comment of 1910: "What a place!"

I dropped back to the mouth of the canyon and made camp in the dead silence of the quiet water, on the fine gravel of an old bed of the Omineca: it had changed its course a few years before in a tremendous flood, bursting through a wall of tall old spruce that may have seen Butler go by, and leaving high and dry its old channel. The weather was perfect so the lean-to was set dead facing the north star, to provide shade for the grub and outfit at noonday.

Here, but on the opposite bank of the river, Butler camped on May 11th, 1873. The river then was high and swift with the spring run-off, and things seemed decidedly tough. "We looked," he says, "a moment at the grim gate which we had to storm on the morrow, and then put in to the north shore, where under broad and lofty pines, we made our beds for the night."

Any forebodings that they may have had were more than justified. The weather in that May of eighty years ago was "hot and fine," and the heat was melting the mountain snows. The Omineca was rising fast—on the night of the 13th, for example, it rose two feet—and the

difference, in a narrow gut like the Black Canyon, half a mile long and varying in width from 100 to 200 feet, between the calm tranquillity of September and the foaming torrent of May and June, can easily be seen. At the head of the canyon I found indications of a thirty foot rise from the September level.

Butler and his three companions set forth into the Black Canyon on the morning of May 12, and crawled up in the eddies under the cliffs. "In the centre ran a rush of water that nothing could stem. Poling, paddling, clinging with hands and nails to the rock; often beaten back and always edging up again, we crept slowly along. . . ." They came, at the end of a morning's work, to the foot of a "wild cataract of foam," halfway through the canyon. Here there is a very steep portage trail up a coulee in the canyon wall, rising over 150 feet, and up this trail in the sweltering heat they carried their camp and outfit to the head of the canyon, the canoe being too heavy to portage.

They came back for that, and from the foot of the portage trail for a little way upstream a certain amount of beach made tracking easier. But after dinner they wallowed forward, half in the river, half on the rocks of the shore, lining, pulling and shoving the canoe. The beach on the north shore then came to an end and they were faced with a desperate crossing—a straight shoot across a wild rush of water in the centre of the canyon to try and catch a small eddy on the south shore. If they missed that small eddy they would be swept backwards against the cliffs and into the worst rapid in the canyon: it was the old, old game of "catching the eddy" and, as usual, the longer they looked at it the less they liked it. So they tried it: they drove in their paddles, there was a bewildering whirl of water and "a wild yell of Indian war-whoop from Kalder," and in a couple of seconds they were safely across. On they went, lining from rock to rock, till they reached the foot of the last fall—and the stiffest one: above this and on the far shore lay their camp and outfit.

Here disaster struck. Butler, with two men, floated a line back, round a massive promontory, to Kalder who was holding the canoe in the eddy. This line Kalder made fast to the nose of the canoe—and a second line also, which he coiled loosely round his waist. Then he nosed the canoe out of the eddy into the current with a long pole. And then everything happened in a flash—the men up above hauled, the canoe sheered out into the flood, and the upper line broke. The full weight now came on Kalder who extricated himself from the coils by a miracle, grabbed his line and hung on. His line snapped and away went the canoe, taking with it their meat and tent. "We crouched together on the high rock, which commanded a long view down the Black Canyon, and gazed wistfully after our vanishing boat." Night was coming on, they had no axe, no grub and no canoe, and camp was on the wrong side of the Omineca.

They walked back to the lower end of the canyon and, while Butler and two men set to work to construct a raft out of the logs of an old cache, Jacques, the miner, who had no faith in the raft idea, went on downstream to look for the canoe. The party of three somehow managed to get across, the raft going to pieces on an island, and made their way back to camp, to a well earned supper and to bed.

Early next morning, May 13, they heard Jacques shouting from the far side. The canoe was on an island four miles below the canyon and not much the worse—a wonderful piece of luck. Down they went again to the canyon mouth where they built a big, strong raft, picked up Jacques, and so reached the canoe. By evening it was landed once more behind the rock from which they had made their famous crossing of the previous day. The sun blazed down, the cottonwood leaves were coming green and, that morning, they had seen the first humming-bird in camp. And the Omineca was rising fast.

On the 14th, after breakfast, they went back to the canoe, this time with a decided feeling of uneasiness. They shot out of the eddy to make the crossing, but now the increased weight of water was too much for them. "There was a moment's wild struggle, during which we worked with all the strength of despair. A second of suspense, and then we are borne backwards . . . until with a rush as of wings, and amid a roar of maddened water, we go downwards towards the canyon's wall."

As Butler says, they might as well have tried to stop an express train: they smashed into the cliff and split the canoe to the centre, but it still somehow held together. "And now, ere there was time for thought, we were rushing, stern foremost, to the edge of the great rapid." And *this* must have been the moment immortalised for posterity by the Victorian artist in his splendid conception of the Black Canyon.

But it was not the end. They went over the drop, the white water surged and hissed around them and the canyon walls whirled by—and in a few seconds they were safely down in the quiet eddies, soaked, half swamped and, for a while, bereft of speech. They held a council of war. To try the canyon a third time, they decided, would be a folly after this escape: wearily they portaged their outfit back to the canoe and ran down once more to the canyon mouth, determined "to seek through the Parsnip River an outlet to the South."

However, the luck had turned. Just below the canyon mouth and on the right bank they caught sight of gaudily coloured blankets, and landed hastily to find a pile of gear —traps, beaver, flour—and a pair of miner's boots which Jacques, after careful examination, decided must belong to the Cornish miner, Pete Toy, who was evidently portaging his stuff from the upper to the lower end of the canyon. Pete soon appeared carrying a huge load, and when greetings and news had been exchanged he set to and cooked the sodden voyageurs a right royal feed. All was soon arranged: Pete's canoe was above the canyon and theirs was below. "Happy coincidence! We would exchange crafts; Pete would load his goods in our boat, and we would once again carry our goods to the upper end of the canyon, and there, taking his canoe, pursue our western way." So they set out, late in the evening, "to stagger for the last time to the west end of the portage," and next morning they were on their way towards the gold mining settlements

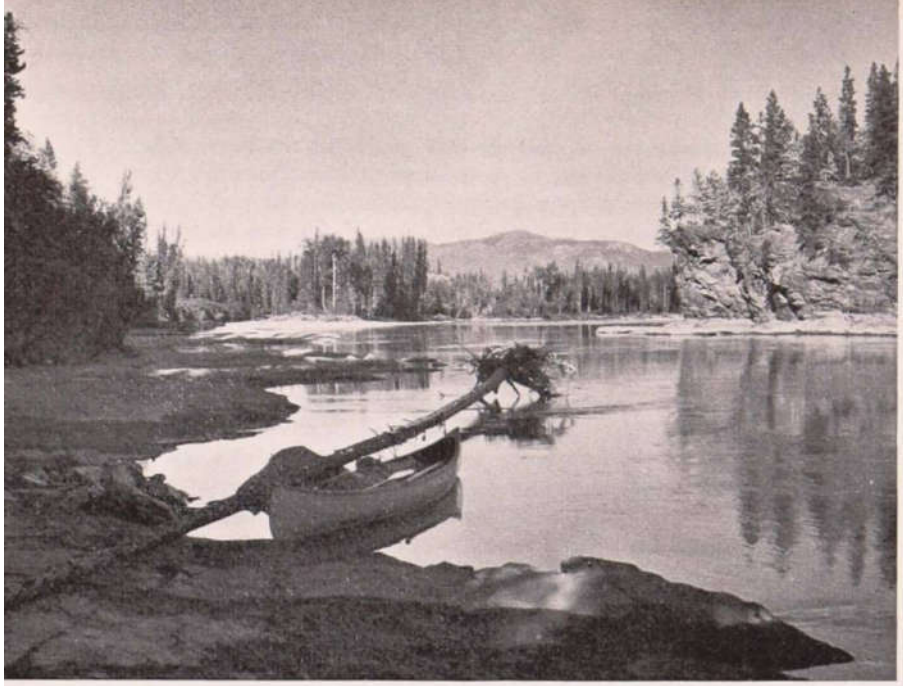
of the upper Omineca. "Behind us lay the Black Canyon, conquered at last; and as its sullen roar died away in the distance . . . I drew a deep breath of satisfaction—the revulsion of long anxious hours."

. . . . . .

In that way Capt. W. F. Butler (as he then was) dealt with the Black Canyon—an incident in his long and adventurous journey from Fort Garry to Quesnel and Victoria in 1872-3, all so vividly described in *The Wild North Land*.

And now it was 1949: sunset was deepening into twilight, and supper was still to get. Butler and Pete Toy and all those heroes of an earlier day were memories now, and the story of their deeds and their endeavour and their high courage was an old tale that would stir the blood and quicken the heart for generations to come. Soon the fire smoke was drifting out onto the quiet river (it must have been close to this very spot that Butler and his men enjoyed "the feast of Toy") and the scent of trout and bacon was rising from the pan. During supper a great round moon shouldered its way out of the Peace River Gap in the Rockies and climbed into the sky over Mount Selwyn; and when all was finished and put away I walked down to the water's edge and looked up into the Black Canyon—a study in black and silver, broken only by the pale moonlit gold of the little birch trees on the ledges. There was no movement save, here and there, widening rings in the black water—no sound save the gentle lap and fill of some deep eddy. . . .

"Here disaster struck." Looking downstream into the Black Canyon from the point at which Butler's party lost their canoe.



The Omineca from the foot of the present (McConnell's) portage of the Black Canyon, looking downstream.

R. G. McConnell, whose place is among the greatest of the explorer-surveyors, had a healthy respect for the Black Canyon, and writes of it in his report: "In low water the navigation of the Canyon is reported to be easy, but in seasons of flood the swollen stream is partly dammed back, and its effort to force a way through the narrow channel is attended with the production of such whirlpools and billows that its passage with large boats is exceedingly difficult and with small boats impossible." McConnell and his men portaged—not the short canoe portage that Butler had made, but the full length portage, also on the north bank; and next morning, after breakfast, I paddled across to find the portage trail.

Up a steep creek coulee it went, and a message cut on a tree showed that three men had dragged their boat over it in July of this same year; and a nice job that must have been, even with skids and rollers and block and tackle, for the trail rises some 160 feet before dropping again to river level in its half mile of length. The descent to the river at the upper end is gradual, ending over sloping rock—and there, above any normal high water, a canoe was cached, set around with a stout little corral of logs to keep it safe from falling trees, or from a playful slap from some passing bear. A dwarf Michaelmas daisy made this head of the portage into the gayest of rock gardens; to the west the Wolverine Mountains showed fresh and clear cut in the light of the rising sun, and on the portage trail every twig and every autumn leaf glittered under the heavy dew.

Across the river and a little way downstream was a deep bay between rocks, piled high with enormous banks of golden sand. There, next day, I found the ruins of a cache, sluice boxes and flume—and, upright, forlorn and immovable, a great slab of golden schist, the fireback of the fireplace of a vanished cabin, swept away, I was told later on, in the great high water of 1948; which had also, it seems, floated the canoe out of its log corral at the head of the portage and laid it high up in the bush.

I walked back to the canoe, paddled across to camp for fishing tackle and a tea pail, and headed up into the Black Canyon. Time lost its meaning in that place of quiet waters. The sun rose and set, and one golden day followed another, and still the canoe lingered in that enchanted spot, passing from the eddy to the stream and back again, even as the trout and arctic grayling did down in the clear depths, playing along the shadow line. Sometimes there would come, stealing down the canyon, the very faintest whisper of a breeze, warm, scented with autumn and the clean smell of pines. Down would flutter a red leaf from a choke cherry or a golden leaf from one of the little birch trees that glowed on the ledges like so many Chinese lanterns: the red and gold leaves would drift lazily on the green water, and the ripples, stirred by the breeze, would set their bars and patterns of light climbing the gleaming walls of mica schist in a maze of flashing colour. And then all would be still again except for the drip of water from the paddle or the drowsy chuckle of an eddy as it filled and overflowed.

And you can have the wild, magnificent canyons of the Nahanni, I thought, and you can keep the gay, sunlit reaches of the Dease, and the wide Stikine with its great, snow-capped mountains. Just give me the little Black Canyon of the Omineca and make it always autumn. . . .

Then came an evening when faint mares' tails appeared in the north eastern sky. Dusk showed long black clouds racing along the Rockies, and in the night it poured. Breakfast was a wet, cold, smoky hell, and a freezing rain drove down straight out of the north—and what could a man do but curl up under the lean-to and mend his moccasins and read? But it eased up in the afternoon and the sun peered forth again, though a wild battle of inky clouds was still raging round Mount Selwyn.

I loaded up and ran for it down the racing Omineca. The wind was rising now and blowing sand off the bars, and twice a whirlwind caught me and spun the canoe end for end. And then the wind dropped and the clouds vanished, and I came again to the Finlay. I turned and looked back towards the Wolverines, utterly clear and sharp against a frosty sky. Somewhere in that direction lay the shadowy, gleaming paradise of the Black Canyon.

Well, it was gone now, vanished like a dream—like the fabled Garden that the Old Man of the Mountain made at Alamut. Now for something new—and I turned the canoe's nose downstream towards Finlay Forks and the Peace River Gap. ◆

STORIES IN THE SNOW

A wildlife artist describes how a study of animal tracks gives him an insight into the behaviour of his subjects.

TO wake in the morning to a world all white with the first snow of the season is an experience that the painter of wild animals never fails to find exciting, and full of promise. There in the woods and fields he will find a score of stories written; for on that white expanse every creature that moves must leave his mark, the uncensored record of his daily life—and perhaps his death.

The trapper and the hunter, no less than the wild creatures themselves, learn to read tracks not as a pastime, but as a vital necessity of life. There is that well worn story (few newcomers to the bush escape hearing it) of the Cree father who gave his small son a bow and arrows and, pointing to a rabbit trail in the snow, adjured him: "Follow that—your breakfast is at the other end!"

In wild life painting, the study of tracks is also of vital importance. Not often is the painter privileged to see the wolf pack in broad daylight flanking a moose, or the great horned owl pursuing a "snowshoe" through the moonlit shadows. Yet these things take place, and in the snow there is left—for the skilled interpreter—a plain record of the drama played out in the silent woods.

And drama it is. Here, for instance, slipping along like a yellow-grey shadow through the tangled willows and tawny grey grass, comes a coyote. Unconscious of being watched, his every action yet betrays the alert intelligence, the uncanny vigilance that is the price of life in the wilds. Suddenly he whirls in his tracks: Has he sensed the watcher? He races thirty feet to the side and springs like a flash high in the air. Too late. The grouse that had

"Too late. The grouse . . . had also learned that vigilance is the price of life."

Words and Pictures by
Clarence Tillenius

Wolves attacking a moose: a painting done from a study of tracks. Reproduced by courtesy of James Clay Ward.

crouched concealed until the tell-tale wind betrayed her had also learned that vigilance is the price of life. She was prepared—and escaped.

This incident was observed shortly after sunrise on a deer hunt. Afterwards the tracks were examined; and even had there been no eye-witness, the story was plainly written on the snow. And by back-tracking the grouse and coyote, every detail of their wanderings of the night and day before was there to be read.

Flying over good game country with an interested pilot offers an unmatched opportunity to study the amazing variety of track patterns in the snow. Here below you are the teeming, endlessly criss-crossing tracks of the caribou herd; there the bold winding trail of the bull moose; and here, finally, is the trail of the wolf pack. No rabble of footprints this: each stepping in the leader's track, it is impossible to tell how many are in the pack till they pause at the point of a small island.

There are six wolves, and here they have separated, two outflankers speeding on either side of the island, two beaters travelling the centre ridge to flush their quarry. The two last hang back to let the outriders get ahead. A deer which had strayed out to the island to feed, becomes suddenly aware of the two wolves swiftly advancing through the underbrush and breaks wildly for the open lake. The outflankers have anticipated this, and converge. Almost at once the lead wolf leaps at the deer and with a sidewise snap of huge jaws, tears out a mouthful of flesh and hide. The deer staggers; recovering, for a few bounds it outdistances the attackers.

Now a second wolf closes in, and with a sudden chop at a hind leg throws the deer. Before it can rise, the jaws close over its backbone and the chase is over. The wolves will eat what they want; after them will come the red foxes and the bobcats, later the bald eagle and then the ravens, in that order. In a few days only some scattered

bones will mark the spot. The next snowstorm will veil it all with a new and unmarked surface waiting to record another episode in the drama of the wilderness.

Estimating the age of a track—second nature to the skilled tracker—is often a mystery to the beginner. For instance, on a frosty morning with perhaps three inches of snow on the ground, we discover winding through the scrub oak and poplar, a deer track, clear and sharp, each pointed hoof mark as clean cut and distinct as a cameo. Crossing it is another, blurred and indistinct, like marks in loose sand.

Which is the fresher? Obviously, thinks the novice, the clear sharp track. Experience will teach him otherwise. Two days before, the weather was mild and the soft wet snow took these perfect impressions which then froze hard in the following cold snap. This second trail, which looks so blurred, was made very recently—in fact not more than an hour or two ago—for the disturbed crystals in the bottom of the track have not yet had time to harden.

Often too, the individual track reveals distinguishing features of the animal which made it. A hunter trailing a herd of moose would have difficulty knowing, without seeing them, whether a large bull was present. Should *one* track go around a narrow opening between two trees where the others passed through, one might reasonably assume a mature bull with wide spreading antlers.

With all the deer family it is difficult to distinguish the different sexes by tracks alone; the track of a small white-tail buck, for example, can easily be confused with that of a large doe. However, a large single track travelling alone is quite likely a buck. Similarly, foxes and many other animals ordinarily travel alone. When you begin to find two trails running together (toward spring usually) it indicates that the mating season is not far off.

Foxes, coyotes, and indeed all the dog family, have an odd characteristic of always appearing to be running on the bias; i. e., turned slightly sideways. A fox may be running directly away from you with his head and body inclined to the left; suddenly he throws himself over, still racing directly away but with the head and body now inclined to the right. Why? The nature of a dog's gallop is that one forepaw strikes the ground first and momentarily supports all his weight: by shifting sides, that paw gets a rest.

All such observations are important to the wild life painter; they are what make his picture convincing. Yet the artist's interest in tracks includes much more than the action of the animals themselves. He is interested in whether the action took place by day or night; whether the sky was clear or overcast and if a wind were blowing and from what direction. All of these things are part of his picture. The composition, the action, the colour scheme are all dependent on them.

A most striking sight is a golden eagle attacking a jack rabbit. It is a scene to linger in the memory: a fit subject for a painting. We shall not here discuss the painting's significance as art; only its conception and execution. The play of action between bird and beast is the dominating

"The eagle's shadow on the snow is part of the composition."

theme of the painting; but this is not all. If the sun is shining, the shadow the descending bird casts on the snow is of importance in the design; the chain of tracks the bounding rabbit leaves behind him equally so.

The painter coming across the evidence of such an encounter might analyse it in somewhat this fashion: "If the jack rabbit were coming toward me now, the eagle would be coming in from the upper left; but then his shadow would be in the wrong corner of the picture. I shall have to stand *here*. Now, as the eagle swoops, his shadow on the snow falls just right to complete the composition."

Such might be the artist's thoughts on a painting in bright sunshine. But what if the sky were overcast—if it were twilight—or before sunrise?

One forenoon I was following the trail of a snowshoe hare when it suddenly broke into a series of wild rushes and sideways bounds, apparently without reason. Here and there in the snow were huge marks as of giant fingers scraping: a great horned owl had struck and missed. These were his wing marks. Farther on, between a set of these marks, the rabbit tracks ceased. The owl had carried him off. Of these tracks I made a minute analysis, and later painted a picture of the scene, as it might have appeared by moonlight.

People coming across the marks of such an encounter, are often misled in their conception of what the actual pursuit was like, and imagine a combat of wild ferocity and abject terror. In reality it often appears like a game.

Several times I have watched a great horned owl pursuing hare or grouse and very seldom does the light hearted appearance of the players indicate the grim nature of the stakes. The grouse takes the chase with utmost coolness, skimming with a whirr of wings under low-hanging branches that hamper the larger owl, twisting like a flash in the shelter of a stump that hides him from view. Sometimes he flies with a thunder of wings in one direction only to turn in an instant at right angles into some thick treetop where he flattens himself like a grey stub against the trunk. As often as not, the owl goes off empty handed.

When after rabbits, the owl will sometimes take a perch on a convenient stump or fence overlooking a well used rabbit trail, where he sits immobile, till an unsuspecting bunny comes hopping along it. Such a lookout post may be marked by pellets or other owl sign below it. If one has patience to watch from concealment he may see the owl in the early twilight sail silently to it and begin his vigil.

So swift and silent is the attack that a rabbit is sometimes seized before it is aware of any danger; but often too, he discovers the owl in time to begin a bewildering series of dodges which not infrequently carry him to safety in a convenient brushpile or a willow thicket.

An interesting sidelight on tracking is that while animals are perfectly conscious of the trails they leave behind them —the fox and coyote inventing the most cunning ruses to throw pursuers off the track—they do not seem to realise that Man follows a trail by sight alone, and not by scent. A fox which I was following went down into a brushy ravine and spent perhaps a quarter of an hour laying an intricate maze of tracks through the thickets. There was new snow however, and as soon as I came over the hill which formed one side of the hollow, his trail was at once visible leaving the ravine and going over the hill on the other side, so that his efforts were wasted.

The stratagems they adopt are clever in the extreme. One fall, after a season in which the coyotes had been particularly active in raiding the sheep flocks, I surprised a coyote at sunrise about a hundred and fifty yards off and took a snap shot at him. Though wounded severely, he made off at top speed, and from sunrise till noon we followed that coyote without once catching sight of him, although we were hitting our best pace.* He several times circled a knoll or rise to look over his backtrack, but after each halt the track led away at a gallop. About noon came the first indication that he was tiring, for after circling and doubling back on his trail he bedded down in a small grass filled gully. Here I stumbled on him lying down scarcely thirty feet away, but so swift was he that I saw no more than a single flash of grey and he was gone.

Up to this time it had been a straight chase with only comparatively short checks, but now he seemed to decide that more finesse was required. Crossing a fairly fresh track of another coyote, he turned at once and ran alongside the second track and later in the exact tracks themselves. After a hundred yards or so the two trails separated. It seemed that we would have to give up, for both trails seemed exactly alike. However, I first followed one track some distance over a field and then came back to the other. Luck was with us. Almost fifty yards ahead there was a tiny speck of blood: this was the track.

Soon he entered some heavy bush where rabbits abounded. Here a new difficulty arose. No snow had fallen in two weeks and the place was a maze of rabbit paths old and new. On the hard packed rabbit runs the coyote soon achieved a welter of doublings and false leads that topped all his previous efforts. Here blood spots were few, but I soon noticed that on the hard paths his claw marks showed clearly and that they differed sufficiently from the rabbits' claw marks to distinguish them.

But the coyote was also hard pressed. Two or three times I flushed him out of his beds, but could not catch sight of him, though several times I had found his tracks *on top of my tracks* where I had been trailing him a few minutes before.

He now struck off to another part of the bush and on the way crossed an area where a skunk had been gathering grass and leaves for his winter den. Here the coyote threw me off once more, for he suddenly shortened his steps and, as he trod exactly in the skunk's footprints, his tracks

* I might here mention a cardinal principle that sportsmen the world over agree on: a wounded animal *must* be tracked down if it is humanly possible. The man who will not do this, has not the right to hunt. And of course, in the case of the wild life painter, to this is added the compelling desire to know more of the habits and mental processes of the animals he studies and paints.

A running snowshoe rabbit, or varying hare, showing how the tracks are made, with the hind feet in front of the forefeet.

disappeared in the conglomeration of paths the skunk had made dragging home his bedding. For half an hour I puzzled and pored over the crisscrossing spoor, hopelessly at sea.

When we finally picked it up again, by casting larger and larger circles around the spot where the track was lost, I found that the coyote had been lying down in a willow thicket not seventy-five yards off, and had, I suppose, watched with keen interest my efforts to disentangle the puzzle.

We never got that coyote. We followed doggedly in his wake all day, but as twilight came on he played his trump card. We had approached the edge of a large willow-grown marsh, and in the thickening gloom could see all around us swiftly bounding white forms as the multitude of rabbits inhabiting it began their nightly wanderings. The coyote's track led into the marsh, and in a few yards disappeared under dozens of fresh rabbit tracks, to be seen no more.

Though so severely wounded, coyotes are tough. He may well have recovered and may even today be amusing his progeny with the tale of how one may out-fox a tracker —or an artist. And, on my side, the day's tracking had given me an insight into the resourcefulness of the coyote that could have been gained in no other way.

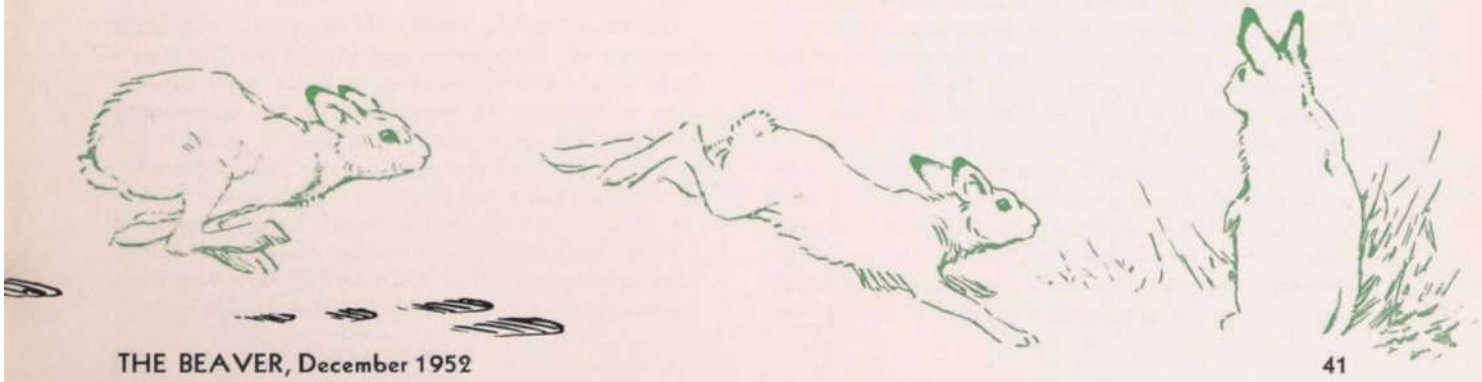
Several good books have been published on tracks and tracking and there is not space here for a detailed description of the various tracks and how to identify them. It is, however, an excellent idea to carry with you a sketch pad, or note book, and in it to make a drawing of any track you are interested in, together with its measurement (length and breadth), distance between footprints, whether the claws show, how many toes and so on. Make note of whether the feet are paired evenly or one before the other. An observant friend called to my attention something which I had never noticed: that the snowshoe hare when running on thinly crusted snow placed the forefeet side by side—evidently to distribute his weight over a greater surface; whereas, in soft snow or on hard crust he places one before the other.

The feet of the bear, the raccoon and the skunk are plantigrade: the sole of the hind foot is habitually placed flat on the ground. Most animals walk on their toes. The

"A skunk had been gathering grass and leaves for his winter den."

feet of the wolverine are large in relation to his body: a single track might be mistaken for that of a wolf. The trail of the fox often shows a light brush mark to one side where the bushy tail has flicked the snow; the dragging tail of the muskrat makes a continuous v-shaped furrow dividing his track. But the characteristics that distinguish one track from another are sometimes so subtle that only long experience will enable you to be definitely sure—not only what particular animal made a track—but how long ago it was made and what its maker was doing. In this, as in so much else, practice is everything. Ideally one should have the privilege of accompanying a skilled tracker—Indians are particularly good at this—and learn from him what to look for and why.

Still, fascinating as tracking is, the wild life painter must continually connive and lie in wait to *see* the animals as they go about their affairs. All tracking is handmaiden to his actual observations of the animals themselves. On this all great wild-life painting is based. And what more does the animal painter ask than this—to be free to follow and study the wild animals in their wilderness terrain—free as the creatures he follows? For him, this is Elysium. ✦



One of Franklin Arbuckle's sketches for the HBC's 1953 calendar painting, reproduced on the cover of this "Beaver."

AMBASSADRESS OF PEACE

How a Chipewyan squaw arranged a treaty between warring tribes, which led to the foundation of Churchill, Manitoba.

by Alice M. Johnson

MANY women—and men—have talked themselves hoarse for many reasons since the world began, but the "Indian Slave Woman" on the cover of this issue of the *Beaver* must have been one of the most eloquent. By sheer force of character she persuaded her countrymen, the Chipewyans, to make peace with their deadly enemies, the Crees—a peace which led almost at once to the foundation of what is now the northern seaport of Churchill, Manitoba.

In the summer of 1715 she was sent out into the north by Governor James Knight, who the year before had taken over the French Fort Bourbon (which once again became the English York Fort) in accordance with Article X of the Treaty of Utrecht. Although Knight had plenty to do to clear up the mess left by the French and to re-establish the Company's trade, his thoughts were already occupied with plans for extending that trade to the Athapascans living in the unknown country to the north and northwest of Churchill.

He knew that, twenty-five years before, Henry Kelsey, now his deputy, had been sent with an Indian boy ("as if . . . for a sacrifice," to quote a remark made by Knight many years later), "to discover & Endeavour to bring to a Commerce ye northern Indians Inhabiting to ye Northward of Churchill River . . . ," but after covering on foot one hundred and twenty-five miles of unpopulated country, his companion became panic stricken and Kelsey had been obliged to return.

The Crees who roamed from Churchill River to the southward effectively prevented any expansion of trade by the exterminating war they carried on continuously with their northern neighbours. The Northern Indians, equipped with bows and spears, were no match for their southern neighbours armed with guns, and even if Knight established the long-wished-for post on Churchill River, they would not venture to journey there for fear of the Crees. One branch of Northern Indians had, in fact, received their name of "Slave" from the large number of them captured and held in bondage by the Crees.

Soon after Knight's arrival at York Fort he mentioned in his journal the presence of an "Indian Slave Woman," who had been captured by the Crees some twenty months previously, but who had managed to escape and find her way to York Fort. Knight talked with her, but before he could obtain all the information he needed about her country, she died. On November 24, within two days of her death, another Slave woman came to the fort. She, too, had been a prisoner of the Crees and, with a fellow-captive, had made her escape when on the north side of Nelson River. These two women, "Designing to gett into there own Country" started across the Barren Ground with only their snares to depend on for food, but extreme cold and hunger forced them to turn back. One woman died, but the survivor, who was strongly suspected by Knight of having killed her starving companion, came on to the tracks of some Company servants and so eventually arrived at York Fort. In spite of the barrier of language, for this Slave Woman spoke Cree but "Indifferently," Knight talked with her about her country and learned of its resources and of the many nations living beyond her people. Besides furs he was interested in metals—copper and gold.

But before Knight could build the post on Churchill River for the Chipewyans and expand the Company's trade, it was first necessary to establish peace between them and the Crees. He was quick to seize his opportunity. The Slave Woman, so naturally anxious to return to her own country, could act as interpreter and ambassador. He made his plans, and on June 11, 1715, gave a feast to the Home Crees, promising them "Large presents of Powder, Shott & tobacco with other Necessarys" if they would accompany an Englishman and the Slave Woman on a mission of peace to the Northern Indians and bring some

of them back to trade at the fort. The Crees were agreeable, and more discussions and another feast followed, at which Knight instructed them how to behave on their mission and strictly forbade the killing of any Indians they might happen to meet. At length, on June 27, 1715, William Stewart (who had been chosen to lead the mission), the Slave Woman, and the Indians, making altogether a party of about one hundred and fifty, left on their long journey.

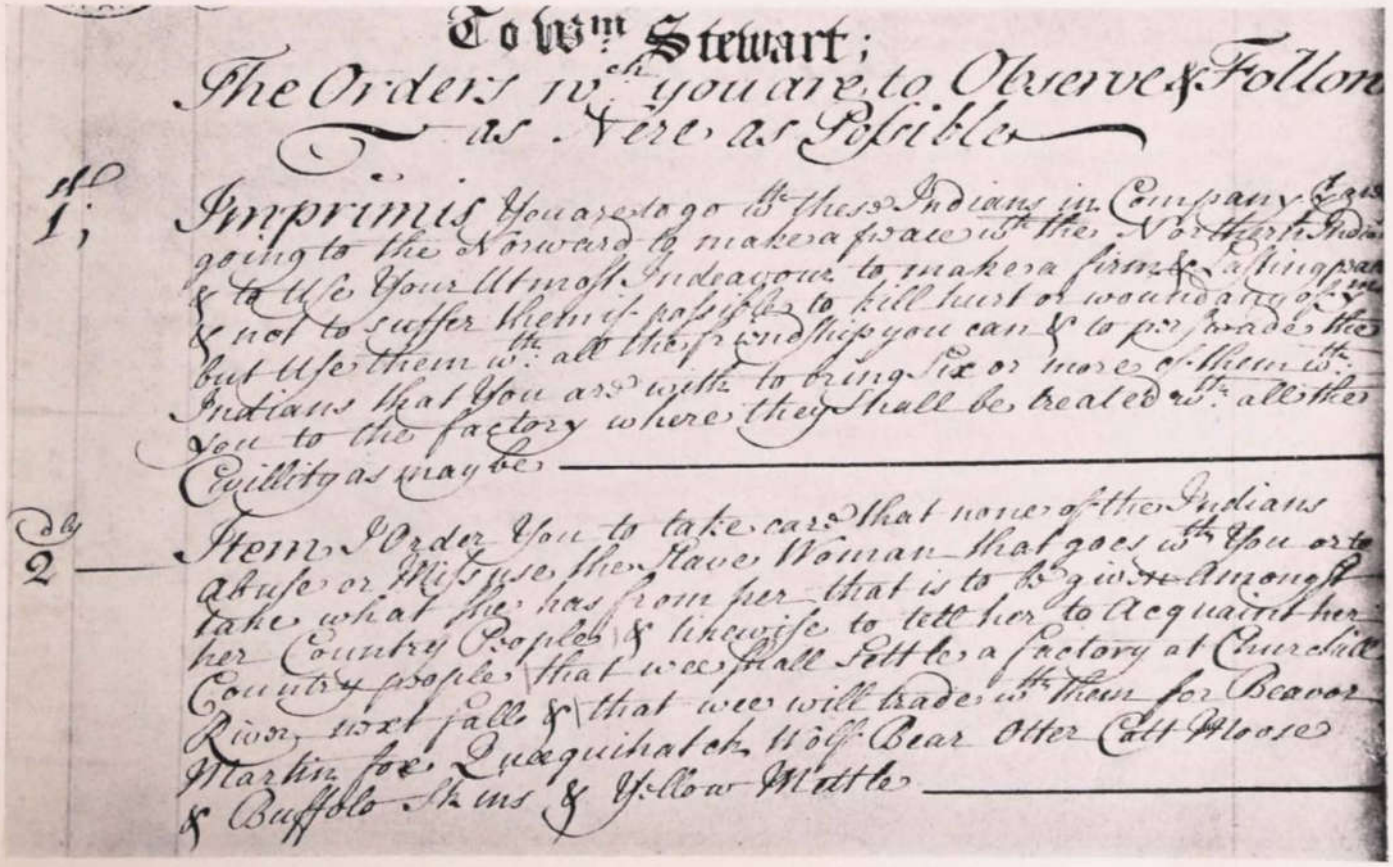
There is not very much known about Stewart, but his name suggests that he came from north of the Border. He had served the Company previously at Albany, and in the summer of 1714 had sailed with Knight from Gravesend to Hudson Bay in the *Union* frigate. He was with the advance party which left York Factory in June, 1717, to prepare the way for the establishment of Fort Churchill; but his chief claim to fame is that he was the first white man to cross the Barrens, on this journey of 1715-16.

Before leaving on this hazardous adventure Stewart quite reasonably "Insisted Very much" on an increase to his annual wage of £18 or for a gratuity. The Slave Woman was provided with presents for her people and was instructed to inform them that a post for their benefit would be built at Churchill River during the coming fall.

As might be expected, quite a number of the Indians returned within a short while. On August 11 news reached York Fort that the remainder could move but slowly on account of sickness. After that there was silence for several

This Chipewyan woman might be a modern counterpart of the "Slave Woman." R. Harrington

The beginning of Knight's instructions to Stewart, signed at "York Fort, Hays River, hudsons bay, America" on June 27, 1715.



To Wm Stewart;

The Orders wch you are to Observe & Follow as Nere as Possible

1st 1; Imprimis You are to go wth these Indians in Company & as going to the Norward to make a peace wth the Northern Indians & to use Your Utmost Indeavour to make a firm & Lasting peace & not to suffer them if possible to kill hurt or wound any of the but use them wth all the friendship you can & to perswade them Indians that You are with to bring Six or more of them wth you to the factory where they Shall be treated wth all the Civility as may be

2d 2 Item I Order You to take care that none of the Indians abuse or Mistreate the Slave Woman that goes wth You or to take what She has from her that is to be given Amongst her Country People & likewise to tell her to Acquaint her Country people that wee Shall Settle a factory at Churchill River next fall & that wee will trade wth them for Beaver Martin Fox Quaquihatch Wolf Bear Otter Catt Moose & Buffolo Skins & Yellow Wattle

Chipewyans still bring their furs to the Company post at Churchill. Richard Harrington

months. Three Indians belonging to the original party of one hundred and fifty—much too large for the purpose—arrived at York Fort on April 13, 1716, and told how hunger had driven them to eat their dogs and that when they left the Barren Ground sometime about the beginning of December, 1715, only Stewart, the Slave Woman, the Cree captain, and eleven men in one party, and "Eight Lusty Young fellows" in another, had the heart to continue. More Indians arrived within the next few days and told a similar story of hunger and failure. It was feared that some had died of starvation and others from a surfeit of deer meat after being without for so long.

On April 22 Knight received a letter from Stewart. It had been written on October 16, by which time Stewart reckoned he had travelled one hundred miles beyond Churchill River. For eight days his party had eaten nothing and they had not seen any buffalo. Although he was still in "good heart" he did not expect ever to see Knight again.

Knight probably thought the same, but just over a fortnight later—on May 7—Stewart, the Slave Woman, and the Cree Leader arrived at York Fort bringing with them ten Northern Indians. Knight, on whom we have to rely for an account of their adventures, spoke of Stewart and his companions as being "the Cleaverest fellows . . . in the Country," adding "they have done there Bussiness without any Bloodshed they had a most Misserable fatigue in doing of it and have undergon a Great deal of Hardships both for hunger and cold and hard travelling." To the Slave Woman Knight gave credit for being "the Chief Instrument" in accomplishing the mission.

Bit by bit the story emerged as day by day Knight talked to Stewart and the Indians. The sickness suffered during the summer of 1715 caused them to be late in crossing the Barren Ground so that "the Beasts that lay in them Desarts were gon out of them to the woods for Shelter," and it was not long before hunger succeeded illness. The Cree Leader ordered the one large party to split into groups and scatter with the hope that some at least would find food. Eventually, only Stewart's party of fourteen remained in the country to carry out the peace mission. The "Eight Lusty Young fellows," travelling separately from Stewart's party, came upon some tents of Northern Indians and, according to their story, had to kill some in self-defence. Others escaped. Then, with some prisoners, they turned back for York Fort. Stewart's party stumbled upon the tents of the murdered Indians, nine in number, and at once thought "all there fatigue and trouble would come to Nothing." As may be supposed, the Crees wished to turn back, but Stewart and the Slave Woman managed to persuade them to remain.

From Knight's account it is clear that the Slave Woman, who by this time had presumably acquired more proficiency in the Cree tongue, took charge of the situation—this woman whom Stewart had been instructed to protect and take care that the Crees should not "Abuse or Misuse." Stewart told Knight "he Never See one of Such a Spirit in his Life She kept all the Indians in Awe . . . and never

Spared in telling them of their Cowardly way in Killing her Country Men . . . ." She ordered the Crees to remain where they were whilst she followed the tracks of those who had escaped. On joining them she would persuade them to meet the Crees in council. If she did not return at the end of ten days Stewart was to start on the journey back to York Fort.

Stewart was hard pressed to keep the Crees—who cautiously spent the time fortifying their tent "by setting up Pallisados Round them fast in the Snow"—from going home. But as the allotted time was about to expire the Slave Woman came into sight with two companions. Stewart went out and as he met her she signalled to about one hundred and sixty men, "the Cleverest* as ever he see in his Life," whom she had brought with her from the four hundred or so countrymen she had found. Although at this critical moment the Slave Woman was hoarse from her "perpetuall talking to her Country Men in perswadin them to come with her," she still had enough voice left to scold them and enough energy to quite literally push them around so that they all stood in fear of her. "Indeed," wrote Knight afterwards, "She has a Divellish Spirit." Taking charge of the situation, Stewart told the Cree leader to acquaint the Northern Indians with the reason of their mission, and explain that his party was not responsible for murdering their countrymen. Then the leader "pulled out his pipe and Stemm and made a Long harrangue of the Sacredness of that thing . . . and after every one had taken so many whiffs as was agreed on and all had takeing it none refuseing it he told them they were now to be perpetuall friends . . . ." Two days were spent in friendship and the Northern Indians "Received their Hostage by Adopting some of the Young Men for their Sons and so parted very Good friends." Then began the long journey back which occupied sixty days.

Stewart's route and the distance covered can only be guessed. He told Knight that he had travelled north northwest for about four hundred miles from York Fort, "then he Imagined he was in the Lattitude of abt. 63 then they went NWt to cross the Baren Desarts and when they had cross'd them they went WNWt and came into a very Plentifull Country for Beasts there they found . . . the Indians . . . and went no farther . . . ." According to the Northern Indians there were seventeen rivers between the Churchill and their country, and after "the third River from Churchill . . . thare is no wood grows tell they come to the 13th River and then there begins to grow wood again and all the other 4 Rivers the woods begins to grow bigger & thicker and the [trees of the] 17th River is bigger than any of the rest . . . ." So far as we can tell, then, Stewart's journey appears to have taken him diagonally across the Barren Ground to the wooded country east of Slave River and south of Great Slave Lake.

Stewart's mission, the first step carried out in furtherance of Knight's plan to make "a peace in the whole Country Round from N to S Wt for a 1000 miles," undoubtedly owed its success to the Slave squaw. The name of this woman whose forceful character enabled her to dominate her countrymen and her enemies is not recorded, and from beginning to end she is the "Indian Slave Woman." She promised Knight she would never rest until she had completed his work "by going among all the Nations . . . to Acquaint them what Commoditys wee deal for . . . ," but she died in February, 1717, shortly before he founded Churchill, and giving her credit for her work he remarked: "The Missfortune in Looseing her will be very Prejudiciall to the Companys Interest." ◆

*Presumably used here in the obsolete sense of "handsome, good-looking or lusty." Dr. Johnson in his dictionary gives this meaning as "well-shaped; handsome," and quotes Arbuthnot, "she was a tight *clever* wench."

British freighters discharge manufactured goods and take on grain at the modern port of Churchill on Hudson Bay. H. W. Chitty

SIR PATRICK ASHLEY COOPER

After 21 years of distinguished service to the Hudson's Bay Company, the thirtieth Governor retires.

READERS of the *Beaver* will learn with regret of the retirement of Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper as Governor of the Company after twenty-one years service.

The tall, soft-spoken Scot who left Aberdeen as a young man to carve a distinguished place for himself in the world of international finance, was a frequent visitor to Canada and knew at first hand, more than any other Governor before him, Canada's great northland.

In 1934, shortly after his appointment, he travelled aboard the Company ship *Nascopie* to the posts in the Arctic and along the shores of the Bay, the first Governor to do so. In 1939 he boarded the Company's twin-engine plane CF-BMI at Edmonton, and in one week covered five thousand miles, visiting posts down north as far as Aklavik. In 1944 he again flew the length of the Mackenzie and through the Athabasca territory. His interest in the Arctic and the northland generally went far beyond his business associations.

There was a whole series of firsts in his career with the Company. In a colourful ceremony before old Fort Garry Gate in Winnipeg in 1939 he paid to His Majesty, King George VI, the lawful rent of two elks' heads and two black beaver skins laid down by Charles II in the charter granted the Company of Adventurers in 1670.

During his long term in office Sir Patrick saw many changes. He came to the Company in the depths of the depression when serious difficulties confronted all corporate enterprises, and he carried it successfully through those unhappy times and through the serious dislocations of the war period. In the long line of Governors the achievements of his term of office stand high. He leaves the Company, not only immeasurably stronger than on his arrival, but equipped to cope with the swift changes now taking place in the world.

Sir Patrick was the thirtieth Governor of the Company. He was a graduate of Aberdeen and Cambridge Universities and after being wounded in service with the R.F.A., in the first Great War, he became Assistant Deputy Director-General, Trench Warfare Department. In the post-war period he became an expert on financial and industrial organization and was appointed in 1931 to the May Committee on National Economy. He was a member of the Rhodesia-Nyasaland Royal Commission in 1938, and from 1939 to 1942, a member of the supply Council, and Director-General of Finance and Contracts, Ministry of Supply.

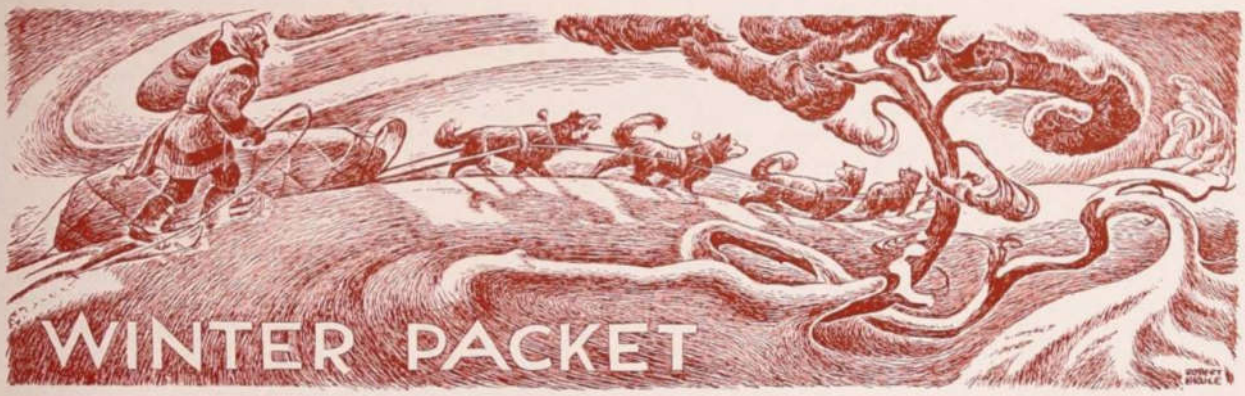
Sir Patrick studies an HBC report during his northern journey of 1939 in the Company's plane.

In his farewell statement, Sir Patrick, who is 65 years old, the retirement age in the Company, said that he felt the duties of Governor required the energies of a younger man. He will continue with his other directorships, which include the Bank of England and the chairmanship of the London board of the Northern Assurance Company.

Replacing Sir Patrick until the Annual General Court of the Company next year is Mr. William Johnston Keswick, Deputy Governor, and a prominent international trader.

Mr. Keswick is managing director of Jardine, Matheson and Company Ltd., far eastern merchants, and a director of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. He was Chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council of the International Settlement in 1939. At the outbreak of war he was a member of the first British Shipping Mission to Washington, where he was instrumental in negotiating the loan of the first hundred U.S. destroyers.

He was chief assistant to Mr. Duff Cooper, Minister of State, in Singapore and left that town in the last plane prior to the Japanese occupation. After a period in the War Cabinet offices and at General Headquarters, Middle East Command, he joined Field Marshal Montgomery's planning staff for the Normandy invasion.



Skin Game

Shortly after the Hudson's Bay Company opened its most southerly establishment at Ajax, Ontario, this fall, the manager was confronted with a bit of a problem. Into the store marched a twelve-year-old boy, and slapping a rabbit skin on the counter, demanded its value in trade goods.

This, to quote the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, "rather shook the staff. The H B C hadn't invaded southern Ontario with barter in mind. Good relations with the natives were maintained, however, when manager R. L. Haas explained that the new Ajax store wasn't exactly a trading post. . . . If the junior trapper ever needed a pair of sneakers, or a T-shirt, Mr. Haas would be glad to oblige. He had, unfortunately, no rifles or traps in stock."

Shades of R. M. Ballantyne!

Power of the Press

Popular legends die hard, especially when there's a little filthy lucre to be gained out of preserving them; and despite the fact that over seven years ago we exposed a regrettable falsehood being perpetuated at Moose Factory, we find our labours in the cause of truth are being ignored, if not actually decried.

We refer to the Myth of the Smithy. At Moose there is an old forge, which according to the legend, was built in 1740, and therefore is the oldest wooden building in the great province of Ontario. But, as explained in the June 1945 *Beaver*, this 1740 stuff is pure fiction, dreamed up by a newspaper reporter (we leave you to guess which newspaper) from Ontario's capital.

Facts are these: in 1740, judging by the most accurate records, the fort of Moose Factory stood either on Hayes Island, or on the island where it now stands, quite a bit downstream from the present post—as Samuel Hearne shows on his chart of 1774. The present establishment was not built until about 1810, at the earliest, and probably about the early 1820's. The forge in question is one of the *later* group of buildings, and there is no reason on earth for believing that it was built before 1810.

Nevertheless, there in black and white, in countless newspapers, magazines, and publicity releases, one comes across the oft-repeated statement that it was erected in 1740; and as it is one of the chief tourist attractions at Moose, that very recently created legend has already become almost indestructible.

"Publicity," as Mme. Roland might have said, "what things are done in thy name!"

Surprise Package

The article on J. B. Tyrrell in this issue brings to mind an incident that happened at his home in Toronto, one afternoon last spring. The Company's archivist from London, Miss A. M. Johnson (see p. 42) and the editor of this family journal were paying him a visit, and the conversation turned on Peter Fidler, the Company's 18th-century surveyor, who like Dr. Tyrrell was a famous northern traveller.

"Which reminds me," said the host, "I've got some original Fidler journals for you, if you'd like to take them."

That, to a fur trade archivist, was like asking whether a couple of genuine gold bricks would be acceptable; and while his guests exchanged stares and wondered whether they had heard aright, Dr. Tyrrell, with an agility that belied his 93 years, stepped up onto a chair and from the top of a book case took down a bulky filing box.

Inside were Fidler journals and records of the 18th and early 19th centuries, and some other documents of that period, amounting to about a dozen items in all. And on top was a note: "To be sent to the H. B. Co. Winnipeg."

Then Dr. Tyrrell told how, when visiting York Factory in 1912, he had borrowed this material from the post

manager, George R. Ray, and given him a receipt for it on the understanding that it was to be returned in due course to the Company. And now, just forty years later, he was returning it.

In the meantime it had given him valuable help in preparing a paper on Fidler which he had read before the Royal Society of Canada in 1913, and in editing various volumes for the Champlain Society, among them the *Journals of Hearne and Turnor* which includes Fidler's diary of his trip to the Slave River and Great Slave Lake in 1791-2.

It need hardly be added that before the archivist departed with her loot, she in her turn gladly gave Dr. Tyrrell a receipt for it.

Those Coontail Hats

We've often wondered who was the first man to hit upon the idea of wearing a raccoon's tail dangling from the back of a fur hat. Whoever it was, he certainly started something. Nowadays the idea that all trappers wore these fancy bits of headgear is as prevalent as the impression that all Indians wore large feather headdresses. That may be all right in the good old U.S.A., where the fashion was presumably started by Dan'l Boone, or some such; but why drag it into Canada?

More and more trappers' conventions and outdoorsmen's get-togethers in this country are featuring this model, and even the new production of the Winnipeg Ballet, *Shadow on the Prairie*, sports one. Yet there's not a shred of evidence that Canadian trappers of old ever wore them. Just stick to the plain fur hat, men, if you *must* wear one, and let's have no more of this coontail nonsense!

Beaver Increase

The two questions most often asked us about the *Beaver* are (1) How do you get hold of enough articles and pictures to fill it, year after year? and (2) Why don't you publish it monthly?

The answer to the first question is that we get our contributions in the usual way, partly from unsolicited sources and partly by commissioning writers and photographers who can do the kind of work we like. A good many unsolicited contributions have to be returned because they are written by people who do not have first hand knowledge of the north, but have merely read a book or two on the subject. The circulation of the *Beaver* is now 28,000, of which about 17,300 are distributed in Canada, and quite a large proportion of these go to northerners who know what they are talking—and reading—about. If any false note is struck, these people will be the first to let us know about it.

Incidentally, you may have noticed that about half our articles are historical, while the other half deal with modern aspects of the North and West; and you may also have noticed that a great many of our stories and pictures have nothing whatever to do with the Hudson's Bay Company. Our aim is to be an authentic and attractive source of information on the North, past and present.

The answer to the second question is more complex. If we were to publish the *Beaver* three times as often, it would mean we should have to lower our standards, because the supply of first class material would not be equal to the demand; we should have to add considerably to our staff; and the production costs would be three times what they are now. It need hardly be added that if this quarterly were published by a regular publishing house, subscribers would pay a great deal more than a dollar a year for it.

Egyptian Discovery

HBC items turn up in the strangest places. After Farouk of Egypt vacated his winter palace in August, a bevy of newspapermen went through the deserted rooms, and in one of nine enormous safes they were shown, among a world-wide collection of currency, a Hudson's Bay Company five shilling note, issued at York Factory in 1820. Probably it's worth even more than that, now.

We Have With Us . . .

Richard Finnie of San Francisco (ex-Carp, Ont.) has travelled widely in the North, and is well known as writer, lecturer and photographer. . . . *A. E. M. Hewlett* has lived in Cannington Manor since 1911, the wife of Arthur Hewlett who joined the English group there in 1894 . . . Miss *A.M. Johnson* of London is archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company . . . *D. M. LeBourdais* of Toronto was born on the Cariboo Road, B.C., and has travelled extensively from the Mexican border to beyond the Arctic Circle. His books include "Northward: On the New Frontier," and "Canada's Century." He is now working on "Canada Since Confederation." *Margaret Arnett MacLeod* of Winnipeg is a frequent contributor to the *Beaver*, who writes of fur trade history with special reference to Red River . . . *Dr. Margaret Ormsby* is professor of history at the University of B.C. . . . *R. M. Patterson* of Shoal Harbour, V.I., is an experienced northern traveller . . . *L. S. Saw* is cartoonist for the *Winnipeg Tribune* . . . *S. A. Taylor* served the Company in Northern Ontario for forty-five years, and is now living in retirement at Port Arthur . . . *Clarence Tillenius* of Winnipeg is well known as a wildlife artist in the States as well as Canada.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FACE OF THE ARCTIC, A Cameraman's Story in Words and Pictures of Five Journeys into the Far North, by Richard Harrington. Henry Schuman, Inc., New York, 1952. 369 pages.

IT is with mingled pleasure and uneasiness that I start reading a new book about a region and people I know well, by an author I haven't met. On more than one such occasion have I found that the author has sacrificed truth on the altar of prejudice, sensationalism, or poetic license. I have in mind books dealing with the Canadian Arctic and in particular the region from Coronation Gulf eastward to Hudson Bay. This region has inspired quite a few—including a couple of my own—during the past twenty years since I wintered on Coronation Gulf. In fact, the leading whites and Eskimos thereabouts have become literary characters, somehow managing to carry on with their respective businesses while authors have come and gone.

As an admirer of Richard Harrington's brilliant, incisive photographs printed in the *Beaver* and elsewhere, I plunged into his first book with the expectation that it would prove to be equally honest and straightforward, and I was not disappointed. Harrington has never actually dwelt in the Arctic; he hasn't been a trader, missionary, scientist or civil servant based there in the line of duty; yet in the course of several winter and spring journeys since 1947 he has done more hard travelling by dogteam, has come to know the land and its people more intimately, and has seen the whole panorama more clearly than has many a man who has spent years in the Arctic. He simply went north as a documentary photographer with plenty of film, artistry, enthusiasm, adaptability and insight; and in an eloquent combination of words and pictures he has told in *The Face of the Arctic* what he saw and did and thought.

Harrington's photographs, which profusely intersperse his text, are not done full justice because of the limitations of the lithographic process used for their reproduction, but despite this handicap they stand out as some of the consistently finest ever made in the Canadian Arctic. They comprise such hard-to-get shots as one of a couple of dogteams leaving a vapor trail in very cold weather, and innumerable intimate, sensitive illustrations of northern life, indoors and outdoors, day and night, under all conditions.

As one whose personal experience with cameras in the North has extended through a period of many years, in winter as well as summer, I can feelingly testify that it takes a lot of determination deliberately to freeze your fingertips for the sake of a picture when you are chilled and tired and hungry. Harrington must have done that often, and his book contains the evidence, although he says, "Many times I passed up excellent possibilities, because I was just too damn cold."

More than half the book covers his visit to Coppermine and his inland and coastal dogteam trips with an R.C.M.P. constable and with Eskimos, in 1949, while the balance recounts experiences on the west coast of Hudson Bay and northward to Boothia Peninsula, in 1950 and 1951. Interspersed are recollections of two earlier northern journeys.

Harrington has no axe to grind and does no special pleading; but, like any other perceptive northern traveller, he has pondered the role of the white man and the impact of modern civilization on the Eskimos, and has drawn certain conclusions.

For instance:

"To my mind, the Arctic can never be the white man's home . . . So, white men . . . remain for a while . . . and yap about it endlessly afterwards—including me, of course."

On sanitation and schooling for Eskimos: ". . . Learning to wash meant a dirty towel in every tupik, used by the entire clan until it was worn out—and every one of the users had contracted the same disease. Learning to read and write English meant losing the highly developed native skills essential to the perpetuation of the race. . . ."

On missionaries: "We send missionaries to assure the Eskimo a serene life after death—the Eskimo is too polite to send out one of his own people to tell us of his serene life before death."

On H B C traders: ". . . throughout the North, more than any other group of white men, the traders are concerned for their [the Eskimos'] welfare. Apart from sentiment or altruism, it is only sensible, for the Eskimos are their customers, their sole reason for being in the country. Yet they must operate economically, if they hope for any profits."

On the Eskimos' attitude toward the R.C.M.P.: "The people—who have no form of government themselves—have learned to accept the Mounties, but never do they feel exactly affectionate towards them."

The Face of the Arctic, which has no pretensions of scholarship and appears to be based largely on diary entries, presents a wholly absorbing and matter-of-fact cross section of the manners, customs and environment of the people Harrington met from Coronation Gulf to Hudson Bay. It is regrettable that insufficient attention was paid to the editing and proofreading of such a worthy travel book. There are some typographical errors in the text and several in the captions for photographs.

—*Richard Finnie*

SANCTUARY, by Kerry Wood. The author, Red Deer, Alberta, 1952. 105 pages.

THOUGH this little book is in no sense" literature," the thoughtful reader may well ponder the suggestion expressed in the author's last paragraph. He urges "—— every farm district, village, town or city needs something similar to our Gaetz Lake Park. In most communities we work hard to establish children's playgrounds, town squares, sport fields. Too often we forget to preserve the wilderness tracts near home. We urgently need them. We need to escape for a while to go again along quiet trails that lead to the bountiful blessings of nature."

Anything, indeed, that fosters this aim deserves wide circulation and certainly copies of this book should be in country school libraries and in the hands of youth leaders throughout our land.

For it is just beginning to be understood that such tracts of wilderness preserved inviolate for coming generations serve a two-fold purpose. They are balm for the weary soul who seeks them; and while the lands around fall under more and more intensive cultivation they remain as a gauge by which we may judge, as the years pass, what of advance or deterioration intensive land-use has brought in its wake.

Many people have remarked to the reviewer on the tremendous lift to the spirit they experience in finding a spot of untouched wilderness near a great city. The present struggle to preserve the Quetico-Superior wilderness, the fluctuating battle to save the California redwoods—in these and all similar movements every citizen has a stake.

—*Clarence Tillenius*

PIONEER DAYS OF NAKUSP AND THE ARROW LAKES, by Katie Johnson, Nakusp, 1951. 146 pages.

OBVIOUSLY produced for the people of the region about which it is written, this volume is an addition to the growing number of books in the field of British Columbia history, and its appearance is another testimony to the interest in local history which prevails throughout the province.

Nakusp and the surrounding communities on the Upper Arrow Lake were opened to white settlement about fifty years ago, at the time of the Slocan mining boom. Laid out by a Vancouver company in 1892, the future of Nakusp depended on transportation connecting it with the mining areas. When this was supplied by the Canadian Pacific Railway, lumbering became its important industry. Dependent on extractive industries, it must have been affected by mining booms and economic depressions, but Mrs. Johnson is too close to the scene and to each event to see its larger significance and to give us an economic history of this portion of the province.

She has done for us what local historians often do less admirably. Her book contains an amount of accurate information connected with the development of industries and institutions. Here is much meat for the economic and social historian but his task would have been lightened still more if Mrs. Johnson had attempted to connect growth of settlement with capital investment and market outlets. In her book, each settlement becomes a subdivision of her topic, so that the reader is left with no clear impression of what is significant in the history of the region. This, of course, is a common fault in the writing of local history.

At the same time, we must be grateful that someone has undertaken the pioneer task of collecting all this information. For many years, Mrs. Johnson's book will serve as a reference work and a chronicle of the development of the Upper Arrow Lake area.

The book is well illustrated, but one misses a map which would have served to point out the importance of transportation to Nakusp and other communities, and their geographical relationship to the important Kootenay mining districts.—*Margaret A. Ormsby*

THE QUEST OF THE SCHOONER ARGUS, by Alan Villiers. Illustrated. Reginald Saunders, Toronto, and Scribners, New York, 1951. 348 pages.

ONE of the strangely wonderful and peaceful sights of the war was the sight of the Portuguese cod fishing fleet on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. There were more than thirty deep sea sailing vessels in the group, the last really organized fleet of this kind in existence, and it was an oddly anachronistic sight seen against the squat escort vessels and the grey and tired looking merchantmen of the convoy.

Once, of course, this sight of lovely ships under sail, flying the flags of many nations, was the standard view of the Banks. There are indications that even this fleet from Portugal will soon be gone. Since this is so, Alan Villiers' new book is all the more to be prized. Mr. Villiers has a sure nautical touch, and he has put down the record of one voyage with a thorough and sympathetic regard for the men who earn their living in one of the hardest and most taxing jobs.

Mr. Villiers sailed on the *Argus*, a four master, which carried some fifty dories, those frail little flat bottomed craft, from which the fishing was done. The men who fished all day worked all night cleaning and salting the catch.

One of the last views this writer saw of the Portuguese fishing fleet was on a misty evening on the Banks and suddenly out of the loneliness of the fog we stumbled across one unit of the fleet. She was lying with her brood of dories gathered about her side, riding the deep swell. It was a brief, unforgettable view enhanced now by the detailed account Mr. Villiers gives.—*F.B.W.*

The Mug that Cheers

Richard Harrington

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